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The Week

THE League survives. That is the outstanding fact which emerges from the settlement of the Italo-Greek quarrel. True, it survives with its prestige badly shaken; and it will probably still be required to take jurisdiction in regard to some aspects of the matter, particularly the seizure of Corfu. However, it does continue to exist, after a week during which it was almost from moment to moment faced by the prospect of ruin.

WHAT has happened, of course, has been the application of strong pressure by France and England upon Mussolini—pressure he dared not withstand. He had already insisted that he could not accept the interference of the League of Nations, and to save his face, the League's terms of settlement—terms which involved a compromise of the usual sort—were put forward by the Council of Ambassadors. This also suited the French plans exactly. France feared the creation of a precedent of League action which Great Britain could use against her on behalf of Germany. As for the British, they were willing to get the matter settled on any terms which would prevent war and leave the League intact. Practical statesmen like Lord Robert Cecil looked at the realities of the situation. France, with the unhappy acquiescence of Great Britain, rules Europe today. France and England are the force behind the League of Nations, just as they constitute the strength of the Council of Ambassadors. In the British view, it does not at present matter very much by what machinery war is averted, provided the League is not too publicly revealed as impotent.

WHAT might have been a Serajevo turns out an Agadir; but the situation on the Mediterranean remains serious enough. The reported Greek ultimatum to Albania is not important; but the tension between Jugoslavia and Italy is quite as menacing, if less dramatic than, the episode between Italy and Greece. The Jugoslav delegates to the Fiume conference have accepted the solution proposed by Italy, that Fiume should be governed by a three-fold commission on which Italy, Jugoslavia and the inhabitants of the city shall have equal representation. The Jugoslavs, however, are in a belligerent mood, and it is by no means sure that the terms will be ratified. If they are not, Mussolini is virtually pledged to go to war.

GREAT BRITAIN'S immediate problem, which is now seen to be of the most pressing character, is how to strengthen the League sufficiently to make sure that it will not collapse in the next sudden storm. The greatest possible aid, the entry of the United States, is out of the question. The present administration will not go in on any terms, and this will also be true if the election of 1924 is captured by the Republicans or by any conceivable third party which might win by an unforeseeable miracle. It is probably true even in the case of a Democratic victory. The pro-League Democrats represent the party influence of Mr. Wilson, and Wilsonism is on the wane. Even those who are sincere believers feel they must equivocate for the sake of winning. Democratic campaign policy will probably go no further than to reiterate the necessity that America should again take her "proper" place among the nations, and to promise that a Democratic administration will obey the

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popular wish as to foreign policy, as it is revealed from time to time.

WITHIN the next few weeks, the world will be granted the interesting spectacle of a highly industrialized country of 59,000,000 inhabitants, trying to get along without any currency. The situation by which Germany is confronted is without precedent. Other currencies in the past have depreciated to virtually nothing, but not in an industrial nation with 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 surplus people who can only be fed with imported food. Russia, Austria and Poland have suffered from depreciated currencies; but in each case, the decline was halted before the bottom had entirely dropped out. In Germany, the mark is plunging downward so fast that it seems certain to be generally repudiated before long. Stresemann is trying to create a new gold currency, to be issued by a special bank and based perhaps upon a general mortgage on all wealth, perhaps on gold deposits, or grain. No such plan can succeed, however, until the reparation question is settled. As we go to press, the correspondents continue to insist that an industrial agreement has been reached, and passive resistance is to end at once. But the despatches do not yet explain how the Ruhr population's cooperation is to be obtained; nor how M. Poincaré is to be persuaded to accept any arrangement which Stresemann can propose to the German people without at once being overthrown.

THE settlement of the coal strike is of course the outstanding event of the week's domestic news. By its terms, which are discussed at more length elsewhere in this issue, the miners win the eight-hour day and a ten percent increase in wages. They also win on the matter of arbitration, desired by the operators. The latter succeeded, however, in keeping the check-off out of the anthracite fields. The new settlement, which will be in force for two years, will add to the cost of anthracite a sum which Governor Pinchot estimates at sixty cents a ton on the fifty-five million tons used each year. From other sources come estimates running as high as a dollar a ton. In his letter to President Coolidge Governor Pinchot affirms his belief that it is possible to absorb this extra cost by "taking up the slack" in production and distribution, without the necessity of adding to the consumer's coal bill. He will call a conference of the governors of anthracite-using states to help bring this about; and his effort will undoubtedly be aided by the existence of reserves of both bituminous and anthracite, hoarded in expectation of the strike. Not the least important aspect of the situation is the suddenly increased prominence of Governor Pinchot as a potential Republican candidate for the presidency in 1924. His desirability, as compared to that of President Coolidge, is augmented by the startling fact, revealed by John W. Owens elsewhere in this issue, that Mr. Pinchot's intervention came at a moment when President Coolidge had no plan of his own and had apparently come to the end of his rope.

THE aftermath of the Japanese earthquake, and minor activities of the League of Nations are the chief additional developments of the week's foreign news. Though the first reports of the number of deaths were exaggerated, the Japanese disaster remains one of the most terrible of all history. The panic of many of the population has been augmented, a week after the event, by fear that Fujiyama is about to become active. As usual, American charity has responded magnificently to the call for aid. Our indomitable ability to find a silver lining to every cloud is reflected in numerous newspaper articles pointing out that Japan will now need large quantities of steel for rebuilding. In fact, the business community manages to arrive at the optimistic conclusion that the earthquake will give quite a helpful little fillip to business. Seriously speaking, of course, this is utter nonsense. The Great War also stimulated business, at first, but this prosperity was the rosy flush of a dangerous fever. Whatever withdraws large numbers of persons from productive enterprise produces a gap which is never bridged.

THE League of Nations has been considering the applications of two countries, Ireland and Abyssinia. That Ireland will be accepted was, of course, a foregone conclusion. But Abyssinia must still cool her heels on the doorstep awhile, her slave trade being too large and active for the moralists of Geneva. Activities are also being pressed on behalf of the League's general disarmament proposal, a compromise between the excellent scheme of Lord Robert Cecil and the thoroughly disingenuous substitute which was put forward by the French in an endeavor to wreck the whole enterprise. The question of opium is again to the fore. The Assembly is now confronted with the plan worked out by the special opium commission last June, in the preparation of which America took a leading part.

PROHIBITION, the selection of champion bathing beauties, an alleged impropriety by Professor Irving Fisher, and diverging views by more "experts" on America's duty to Europe are outstanding items in the week's domestic budget. As the United States and Canada announce a forthcoming conference at Ottawa to curtail rum-running across the border, Senator Edge of New Jersey makes public plans to "liberalize" the Volstead law at the next session of Congress. Professor Fisher has announced that in 1920 President Harding admitted to him a belief that America ought to enter the League of Nations.

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Wasting no time on the question whether his statement may or may not be true, supporters of the late President are abusing Mr. Fisher on the theory that the quotation questions the good faith of one who is dead and is therefore, according to the tribal mores, sacred. On the heels of the announcement that the five big unions in the needle trades have formed an alliance which includes their 500,000 members, comes the highly proper demand of William Z. Foster, secretary of the Trade Union Educational League, for an investigation of the attempt to assassinate him at a recent protest meeting of expelled members of the left wing of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in Chicago.

THE American Civil Liberties Union stands for a principle embodied in the Constitution of the United States, that of freedom of speech, press and assembly. It is no respecter of persons. Necessarily its assistance is invoked most frequently by upholders of unpopular causes, persons who are loosely termed radical. But oppression makes strange bedfellows. Now comes the Ku Klux Klan, victim of outraged public sentiment at Carnegie, Pennsylvania, invoking the aid of the Union in making good its right to "peaceable assembly, free speech, and free movement." The American Civil Liberties Union does not refuse its services but it makes the request the occasion of an enumeration of the violation of civil rights which are laid at the door of the Klan:

> In January of this year a railroad worker in Harrison, Arkansas, a town run by a Citizens' Committee of Klansmen, was lynched because he refused to confess to sabotage of which he was not guilty. . . . The Klan in Harrison recently lynched a man named Lean. Frequent letters from the district inform us that peaceable assembly as well as every other right is still denied to all but "citizens." Interference with the right of labor unions to organize workers has been one of the principal activities of the Klan. In January of this year, J. E. Marsh, a speaker for the Farm Labor Union of Atoka, Okla., was severely beaten by your members and ordered to stop his work for the farmers. . . . Religious hatred scarcely consistent with your recent defense of free speech, caused Klansmen of New York to burn churches and admit their participation in a bold attempt to prevent by threats the passage of the Walker bill. School teachers have been dismissed and left without positions in West Virginia and Georgia, because of their Catholic faith, and attempts are constantly being made to limit the freedom of children to attend sectarian schools, as witness the recent legislation in Oregon, fostered by the Invisible Empire.

The Union might close its sermon with the text: They that take the sword should perish by the sword.

THE human race, in its recent and more self-conscious years, has been given to celebrating a curious allotment of anniversaries, centennials, and the like but few have had more provocation than the Golden Jubilee of the invention of the typewriter. Fifty years ago Christopher L. Sholes turned over to E. Remington & Sons his contraption of keys, bars, ribbon, cylinder, and levers, and this week a special train filled with prominent bankers and business men journeyed to Ilion, New York, as guests of the Herkimer County Historical Society to do it honor. There is reason for respect. The celebrated "economic independence of women" which is held responsible for two-thirds of the changes in the social order found its first great field in business through the typewriter. In two decades it has dropped into oblivion a school of florid penmen which took generations to develop, shifted the physiological seat of writing from the wrist to the finger-tips, and re-made the business man from one who wrote long letters to a few people into a sender of a thousand curt and hasty notes a day. The reporter clicks off stories; the high-school student turns out themes in double-spaced regularity; and the bishop, framing his next sermon, bangs away at his portable and tries not to swear while changing the ribbon. How many of the traits of the "new" school of writers, we wonder, may be charged to the new way of writing?

SECRETARY WEEKS has been stung into replying to criticism of America's military expenditures. By a coincidence, he makes his defense at the moment when Augustin Edwards of Chile, late president of the League of Nations, was pointing out at Geneva that the United States spends four times as much on armament as do the Latin-American countries though their aggregate population is not much smaller than ours. Secretary Weeks retorts that what this country spends is really a rather low insurance premium for continued peace. This is about as silly a remark as ever passed the lips of a mature man. If history proves anything at all it is that armies and navies do not diminish the likelihood of war but increase it. Secretary Weeks would of course reply to this that we would never be belligerent, would only defend ourselves. But all wars are "undertaken in self-defense"; all nations are invariably innocent victims of brutal aggression. In any event, a business firm which spent 80 percent of its gross income for insurance would hardly be regarded as performing a miracle of good judgment. While the actual upkeep of the army and navy does not consume this proportion of the national income, the cost of all war activities past and present now takes more than four-fifths of our revenues.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, whose entry in the national bathing-beauty contest was recently crowned queen at Atlantic City, achieves duplicate honors

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as the home of the new Intra-Wall Correspondence Schools for the uplift of the inmates of every penitentiary in the United States. Schools of the past century achieved a reputation as rivals of the prison discipline, and it is a graceful turn which sees penal methods borrow the forms of education. Mr. Napoleon Hill of New York has agreed to give $2,500 to each school as it is established. Governors of forty-five states and almost all the wardens in the country have promised active support, and employers will give jobs to graduates on equal terms with anybody else. The advantages of a cell for concentrated research are only too obvious, and the government should watch with some concern any increase of petty larcenies among harassed professors and editors anxious for matriculation. We hope that the enterprise will have every success. We should like to compare prisoners' work with that of institutions outside. Especially examination papers on American Constitutional History or The Spirit of '76 written by certain undergraduates of San Quentin and Leavenworth who are not entirely unheard of by the daily press.

GOVERNOR WALTON of Oklahoma belongs in the category of those who should be loved for the enemies they have made. Oklahoma, like several other states, has recently been the scene of much lawlessness. Night riders in costumes resembling those of the Ku Klux Klan have used the whip and tar brush, particularly in Tulsa County. The governor has accordingly placed this county under martial law; and announces that he will keep it there as long as seems necessary. Though the Ku Klux disclaims responsibility for the disorder, it is terribly pained that the governor should have been so drastic. It has appealed to the War Department to make him behave, but Secretary Weeks politely replies that the Constitution does not permit federal interference. The Ku Klux's Grand Dragon has thereupon resorted to even more desperate measures: he accuses Governor Walton of wanting a seat in the Senate. This may be a terrible crime in Oklahoma; but from the distance from which we write, Governor Walton looks like the sort of man who would improve the Senate considerably.

THE operation of the immigration law continues to earn more ill will for the United States abroad than any other item of our national policy, even including prohibition. Of the steamers which lined up for the monthly midnight race into New York harbor on August 31, several crossed the line a few minutes before midnight. These ships have been fined an aggregate sum of $600,000 by the government, though their commanders insist they acted in good faith, and that either their chronometers or the government's timepieces were in error. This defense sounds reasonable; since the last thing the steamship companies want is to be compelled to return their immigrants across the ocean at their own expense, or to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars in fines. The present law will never be a success until aliens are officially examined before embarking, and are legally prohibited from sailing in larger numbers than can be admitted.

THE Great War saw the reintroduction of a practice which had been abandoned for centuries past—the commandeering of personal property belonging to citizens of enemy countries. Theoretically, German citizens, for instance, whose investments in the United States were taken, are supposed to be reimbursed by their own government. But everyone knows that in fact their government is virtually bankrupt and will pay them nothing. Their property is gone forever.

THERE may be some comfort for Americans, humiliated by our government's calm disregard of the supposedly sacred principle of private property, in knowing that Great Britain is an equal sinner. The Manchester Guardian has recently called attention to the callous brutality with which the British government is penalizing many luckless individuals who happen to be enemy aliens. Thus a widow in Bulgaria, whose husband had a policy in an English company, and who has no other means of support, has the pleasure of seeing the entire sum due to her confiscated, with the comforting assurance that if the Bulgarian government should ever arrive at solvency, she may enter a claim. There are hundreds of other cases of a similar character including numerous English women who had married German nationals, and German tutors and governesses, who have lived in England for decades. Even a Bulgarian university which had sent a large sum to London before the outbreak of the war, for badly needed building materials, has been notified that its money has been taken; and its activities will be severely curtailed in consequence.

THESE cases, and the scores of similar ones which can be drawn from American experience, should surprise no one. In war time every form of justice and legality to the individual is suspended in greater or less degree. If we order our young men to give up their lives it is entirely proper that we should order other people to give up their property. Perhaps by so doing we can make the institution a little less popular. These instances, however, are worth pointing out to the fatuous people who talk about codes of war, and insist that the appeal to arms has a strictly legal

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status. As the last one proved, there is no legal code for war. Any nation will do anything it deems necessary to win, no matter how many laws are broken in the process.

WHAT may prove to be the most important political development of the week is the victory of the Ku Klux Klan in the municipal election at Portland, Maine. Although the ostensible issue was the adoption of the council-manager plan of city government, this was admitted to be a mere pretext for the exhibition of the power of the Klan. The immediate results of the victory are permission to the Klan to hold a counter-demonstration to the parade of the Knights of Columbus on Columbus Day—a proceeding which is likely to end in violence—and control of public education in the interest of the causes which the Klan holds dear. And this is only the beginning of the Klan in politics.

LADY ELEANOR SMITH, who is accompanying Lord Birkenhead on his visit to the United States, must have felt a daughterly responsibility to draw criticism away from her father. She is quoted as saying that she has never, in her life, seen anything like the American adoration of lectures and speeches. "Everywhere we go the auditoriums are crowded with people willing to listen. In England it is not that way. People do not care so much for talk." Not care so much for talk indeed! Lady Eleanor's tone is of amazement and not of slight, but the wound is made for all of that. When the Viscount criticizes an ex-president we can join battle with pride, but there are no proper arms to bear against a national indictment that we are garrulous and gullible. Americans do fill some lecture halls, and broadcast radio sermons, and reverence the parts of speech. But talk in America has declined since the Civil War. As a nation, now, we read: newspapers, magazines, billboards, circulars, sub-titles, advertisements. We seldom use full sentences. Lady Eleanor's observations, made from a convention of lawyers and the audiences that heard her father speak, are true—but not quite so true as she intended.

The Anthracite Settlement and the Public

THE success of Governor Pinchot in settling the coal strike is a complete vindication of the courageous and intelligent leadership which prompted his intervention. The terms which induced the miners to return to work are probably as generally satisfactory as under the circumstances it was possible to arrange. They may help to infuse a little order and progressive ferment into an industry which has for years been torn by dissension and retarded by an unenlightened policy on the part both of the miners and the operators. The increase in wages, although unfairly distributed, cures in part an old and genuine grievance of the miners and will tend to make them more conciliatory in future negotiations. The introduction of the eight-hour day and of collective bargaining into the industry as a part of its permanent institution are steps in the direction of a sane organization. The promise of a careful investigation as the foundation of subsequent readjustment of the wage schedule anticipates and seeks to remove an occasion for future disorder. The defeat of the operators' demand for compulsory arbitration is salutary and will, we hope, induce them not to renew it. As long as it remains their preferred method of settling disputes with the union they will never be mentally prepared to negotiate sincerely and intelligently constructive agreements with their employees.

In all these respects the settlement is an improvement on its predecessors. It is not a mere compromise, reached by splitting the difference between the two contending parties. It is much more of a victory for the miners than it is for the operators, and the fact that the miners won so much of a victory as the result of a public ventilation of the dispute affords a presumptive indication of the probable justice of their case. It possesses, however, grave and obvious drawbacks on which the attention of public opinion should now be concentrated. The interest which, according to nearly all the newspapers, would have suffered most severely from a prolonged strike was the interest of the "public." Most of them insisted that the public interest was paramount and would justify the state in preventing by law any stoppage in the production of coal. Well, in this respect the paramount public interest escaped without injury. The "public" will receive its winter supply of anthracite. But is this boon a sufficient reason for unmitigated satisfaction on their part with the result?

Unfortunately it is not. Governor Pinchot's proposal provided for the payment of the increased expense of mining anthracite by the operating and distributing agencies of the industry rather than by the consumer, but this was the one respect in which he was thwarted. The increased wage bill is, if possible, to be passed on to the consumer in an increased price of at least sixty cents a ton. Yet, as the New Republic pointed out last week, the consensus of opinion among those who have studied the admittedly inadequate data is that the operators, railroads, the jobbers and the retailers are now appropriating a proportion of the existing price of anthracite coal which would enable them to pay the expense of the increased wage bill without raising prices, without

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any sacrifice of the efficiency of their service and without any hardship to themselves. Nevertheless the operators refused to absorb any part of it, and after they had refused, there was, as they all well knew, no power in the state or federal government or in public opinion, which was able and willing to force them to retract. If there had been a strike, the "public" would have paid, but so would the operators and the miners. As it is, the miners benefit and the operators lose nothing; the "public" and the "public" alone pays.

As these disputes are managed at present, a large part of their cost is almost certain to be assessed on the "public," and this unfortunate result is, we are bound to add, the "public's" own fault. Its spokesmen in the press and in office identify the "public" with the consumer. They confuse the "public" interest exclusively with the consumers' interest in obtaining an uninterrupted supply of some important commodity or service. They do not inquire whether the conditions under which the coal is produced are favorable to low cost, a sufficient volume of product and a contented and prosperous body of employees. When friction occurs in the operation of the industry, they demand coal and coal at any expense in human friction and labor. They finally get it, but they encourage at the same time an industry whose officers and soldiers are less than ever enabled to be efficient and economical producers of coal. Profits or wages will have become increasingly dependent upon the perpetuation of ugly abuses and dissensions in the conduct of industry. Thus the genuine "public" interest is hurt by being identified with the immediate interest of the consumer. What the "public" needs is an industry which is producing coal at the lowest possible cost in money and human labor, and one which, to that end, supplies all the human beings employed in it with a sufficient motive to improve its processes and be loyal to its objects.

The settlement which has just been reached in Pennsylvania would have helped in every respect to bring such an industry into existence, provided it had contained an additional stipulation. It should have arranged for an impartial and thorough investigation of the industry, which would bring out whether the increase in wages could not be distributed among the operators, the railroads, the jobbers and the retailers without adding to the burdens of the consumers. It is nothing short of scandalous that after the warnings of the past few years the information which would enable a public official to answer this question is not in existance. Congress created the Coal Commission apparently for the purpose of obtaining information of this kind; but the Commission has not ascertained, or cannot ascertain, the facts. Because it has not done so a prolonged anthracite coal strike cannot at present be prevented without assessing upon the consumer the increasing cost of providing for the miners an American standard of living. It was chiefly the Commission's fault that the victory of the miners was tantamount to a set-back for the "public."

The new arrangement will run for two years. Before it expires the Coal Commission will, we hope, have furnished the information which officials can use hereafter in order to propose the elimination of profiteering and waste in the conduct of the industry and so enable it to meet its really "public" responsibilities. Governor Pinchot is keenly alive to the defects in the settlement and to the need of immediately adopting supplementary measures. He has already suggested early action to both the federal and state governments which will prepare them really to speak and to act on behalf of the interest of the "public" with reference to coal. It remains to be seen whether President Coolidge will back him up.

Wanted: New Motives

VERY few American magazines circulate in Central Europe today; but when they do, there is one part of their contents which the citizens of those countries must contemplate with a rather wry smile. We refer to the advertisements of banks, bond houses and insurance companies.

"Save and be safe against the rainy day," say these advertisers. "The man with the bank account never needs to worry." The life insurance companies are particularly touching, with their picture of a fresh-made widow who tells her neighbor with a smile, "A ton of brick just fell on my William, but I am cheerful because he put his money into a $4,000 twenty-year endowment policy with the Pole Star Insurance Company." To be sure, the advertising man absent-mindedly forgets about this advertisement as he pens his next one arguing the merits of a life annuity instead of a lump sum payment. In the latter case he proves conclusively that in an average of fourteen months the bereaved widow has lost her lump sum payment through ill-advised investment speculation. When we see her rejoicing because of her superiority over Mrs. Brown whose careless husband did not insure and has left her to scrub floors, we might tell her that in fourteen months by the clock, she, too, will be buying a scrubbing brush.

It is not these subtleties, however, which will most appeal to the contemplative Austrian or German, but the general advice to the effect that thrift is a virtue. Never in the world was a nation more thrifty than Germany. No people ever rose earlier, worked longer, abstained more rigorously from every unnecessary expenditure. What is the result?

The result is that their thrift has brought them nothing. The savings of a life-time will not buy

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a box of matches today. The widow whose careful husband had struggled for thirty years to pay premiums on a heavy insurance policy, finds herself penniless in her old age, forced to discover a remunerative employment or starve. Those who had sacrificed to educate their growing children, suddenly discover all their hopes vanished. They must start anew, and under conditions far harder than those under which they began before, two or three decades ago.

It is no answer to say that all this loss and confusion have grown out of a war for which Germany was largely responsible. A majority of the individuals who have suffered most severely were not responsible for the conduct of their government. They had as little to do with it as the average Iowa farmer had to do with the action of the United States in 1917. But even if a moral balance could be struck between war mania and peace-time poverty, it would still leave the main question unanswered. How are the people of the half-dozen countries whose currency has depreciated to an infinitesimal fraction of its former value, to be persuaded to work and save again as before? Was it not Robert Louis Stevenson who observed that men do not live by bread but by catch words? Modern industrial society is based on the so-called acquisitive instinct. A wide margin between expenditure and income is necessary to provide the needed capital increment for new factories, more and bigger ships, a faster pace for the wheels of industry. For hundreds of millions of Europeans the acquisitive instinct has been torn up by the roots. Can it ever be replanted?

It is true, of course, that while currency inflation has beggared one class, it has enriched another. The farmer with a mortgage suddenly discovered to his amazement that he could pay it off with a basket of eggs; the small business man who had borrowed money at the bank miraculously found his debts annulled. This has held true of borrowers of every type. Debtors have profited at the expense of creditors. Persons holding real property have gained at the expense of those living on fixed incomes derived from investments. Labor has managed to keep abreast of the declining currency fairly well, while the middle classes, and especially the intellectuals, have failed to do so and have suffered terribly.

But no new social morality has developed out of this situation to serve as a binding cement in place of the old ideal of individual thrift. The borrowers know perfectly well that they have profited neither from foresight nor diligence, but from blind luck. They are also well aware that such luck will not recur, once the currency has been stabilized.

A strenuous effort will of course be made to bring the old motives back into force. The governments will assure the people that the calamity which has once befallen them will not be allowed to happen again. It is possible that some such plan as Irving Fisher's stabilized dollar may be adopted to prevent fluctuation. But for this generation such promises will have little meaning. Government pledges have become mere scraps of paper, as worthless as a ten-mark note. Is any other type of motivation possible?

Probably it will be found, if at all, in some sort of ideal of community effort, at least until a new generation grows up which in its ignorance may listen to the old shibboleths. The citizen who has found that he dare not depend upon his own unaided efforts must lean upon the state. If he does so, however, he will insist that this time the state shall observe its half of the bargain. It must guarantee that all its members are kept from starving or freezing. This approximates roughly the ideal of which the Socialists used to talk so fervently: "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." It is an ironic commentary on the inability of mankind to read the future, to note how different is the road by which this goal is being approached, from that over which it was once confidently predicted we should travel.

"Patent Insides"

HEYWOOD BROUN of the New York World recently took a trip to the Far West. One thing that aroused his interest was the native press. "Travelling across America," he says, "one in struck by the singular sameness of all the newspapers. From Toledo, Ohio, to Havre, Montana, Mutt and Jeff follow the traveller. The man in New York reads what Bob Edgren and Hype Igoe have to say about the fight, and so does the citizen of Portland, Oregon. Chicago and New York establish the thoughts and opinions of ninety percent of all the people in North America."

That may be a little high, but Mr. Broun foresees discouraging results. "In twenty years," he suggests, "hardly a single local dialect will be able to sustain itself against the vast levelling flood of syndicated newspaper material. When New York has no bananas today, neither has Salt Lake City. The turn of phrase which Broadway knows becomes within a month the common coin of speech between the sheep herders of Montana."

That is about the size of it. Deposit fifty cents with the porter on the train some night when you are heading west. Ask him to buy a paper in each city where the puffing engine stops for breath. Albany, Rochester, Syracuse; Buffalo, Erie, Ashtabula; Cleveland, Toledo, Elkhart. Try his samples the next morning. With their captions hidden, can you tell any two of them apart? Same eight-column "streamer" flown across page one, heralding—four times in every five—the same half pound of "feature" news. Same photographs and beauty hints, comic strips and serials. Eight hun-

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dred miles apart, on the same morning of the week, does Mrs. Jiggs await her husband with a rolling pin, and Mr. Edgar Guest roll back another dawn with optimistic line of cheer.

Those are the cities. But the standardizing process reaches further, to the country towns.

"Boiler plate" is the term the metropolitan editors apply, somewhat inaccurately, to the columns of syndicated trash they feed to the small-town papers. (The stuff is so-called in memory of the days when it was sent out in the form of metal slabs, one column wide and twenty inches deep, to be sawed up and used as desired.) The village editor carries standardization one step further, through a device called "patent insides." By this ingenious scheme, the editor is provided with a ready-made stuffing for his sheet. He simply puts the cover on. Forty years ago the village paper was a product of the editor's own shop. Now less than half the work of printing it is done on native soil.

Take a square sheet of paper. Fold it once from top to bottom, once from left to right. Now you have eight pages, the standard product of the village press. Pages one, four, five and eight—you will observe—come from what was originally one surface of the paper. Those four are left to the local editor to fill up as he chooses. The syndicate takes care of pages two, three, six and seven.

The syndicates which sell such service—they are so few that the cry of "monopoly" is occasionally raised—ship their papers out in weekly lots: four pages filled, four pages blank. The pages they have printed carry ads; but from those ads the local editor receives no revenue. He pays so much a hundred for his papers—his only profit from the advertising being a somewhat lower rate of payment if the syndicated pages are top-heavy with their ads. The jobber of fabricated inside pages occupies a comfortable berth. From his village editors he receives one set of dividends; from his advertising clients (among whom proprietors of patent medicines are easily first, as a rule) he derives another.

Those are the economics of the small town press today. And the product shows it. There is little left of the old individuality that marked one village paper from another, forty years ago. As Mr. Lynn Montross lamented in the New Republic recently, there is little to give the reader a glimpse of the village editor's personality save the one-line fillers he selects; his choice of "Copper-toed shoes made $70,000 for their inventor, it is said," when he might have used "Siamese women stain their teeth with betel nut."

Mr. Montross used an imaginary journal for his text. He might as well have picked a real one. Go to the plains and choose some paper in a village of three thousand. The Erie County Reporter, for example, appearing in the Ohio town of Huron faithfully each Thursday afternoon. Page one is still the old-time gossip of the village street. Its news is local news; its humor smacks of the country store. "Men Entertain Wives at Farewell Party." "Increasing Demand for Brecklin's Fried Fish Sandwiches." "Red-Hot Bullet Is Perched on Burglar's Coat-tail." But with the inside pages comes the rubber stamp. Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale, Fashion Hints, poor fiction, written wholesale.

Broadway sets the pace for Main Street. The metropolitan dailies are getting more and more away from news, more and more involved in "features." Which paper has the best account of what is happening in the city's government, the clearest explanation of the taxpayer's problem, counts little from the point of view of circulation, compared with Sunday rotogravure sections, Mutt and Jeff and Jiggs. The race is on for circulation. Papers in the second tier of cities follow suit. "The newspapers at this particular moment are not newspapers: they are entertainment bureaus presenting the greatest thriller of the year." So writes Mr. Charles W. Wood in a recent issue of the World Tomorrow, adding that he launches an "attack" upon the press: "I consider the show business perfectly legitimate, and if P. T. Barnum or William Randolph Hearst want to call themselves newspapers, let 'em go ahead."

It is the show business that standardizes the city press and fills the village paper with its "boiler plate." On the defensive against invasion of its own domain by journals from the larger towns, the village paper takes on "features." That is the development we are witnessing today. Machinery may check the tendency in some degree. If someone does to linotypes what Henry Ford has done to motor cars, the village press will be less dependent on the syndicate to fill its pages.

In the long run, though, no paper in the hinterland can afford to originate its Mutts and Jeffs. This is a wholesale age. Journalism trails along. Except where some newspaper public shows itself more interested in news than circus, the future looks bright for patent medicine "insides."

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Dilemma of British Foreign Policy

LLOYD GEORGE is perhaps the last man who should have voiced the fact in the particular tone in which he did voice it last Sunday, but few will challenge his statement that Great Britain has not carried her point about the League but has managed to add the bitter enmity of Italy to that of France and intensify British isolation.

Consider the degree of isolation. It can hardly be denied that today France exercises a military hegemony much more complete than that which in the past provoked British resistance in the shape of wars lasting generations; that Belgium and other small states, defence of whose rights figured so enormously in the emotions of the British during the war, now make common cause with France; that Turkey, defeated and prostrate as she was at the time of the armistice, has since been able successfully to defy Great Britain; that Italy by the occupation of territory which was recently a British protectorate now takes steps which may well be the beginning of naval domination of the eastern Mediterranean, and which in the old days Great Britain would never have tolerated for a moment; and that in the direct Franco-German negotiations now begun Great Britain is ignored.

Lloyd George summarizes the situation by the statement that Great Britain has not withdrawn from the Continent but has been pushed out amid the sniggers of the world. Add to the ex-Premier's statement the significant fact in relation to the forces which the government has had to consider during the last year, that the papers of all three of the great newspaper trusts in England rejoice at the discomfiture of the League and bitterly blame the government. Particularly does the Rothermere (late the Northcliffe) press take the line of loudly celebrating what it terms Mussolini's triumph. The significance of this fact is not perhaps sufficiently appreciated in America as it certainly is not in England. While most of the "highbrow" or politically conscious press of all parties has supported the government in its fight with Italy for vindication of the League, the popular, less political press of the Rothermere, Hulton and Beaverbrook trusts is all violently anti-League and the first is maliciously critical of the government's entire policy. It is to those papers that the big circulations belong and it is their cooperation with Die-hard opposition in the Cabinet not only with reference to Italy but to France and the Ruhr which has made it extremely difficult for the government to move in the right direction as rapidly as the needs of the situation demand.

One policy urged by part of this opposition has naturally gained plausibility by recent events. The policy in question is what its protagonists term the "American policy" of washing our hands entirely of the Continent to the extent of formal withdrawal from Cologne, etc., and devoting all energies to our overseas empire, letting Europe stew. But obviously a policy of complete isolation and intensive imperial development must include one of thoroughgoing imperial defence based on the maintenance of naval preponderance with coaling stations, open lines of sea communications, etc. The two things always have and inevitably must go together. We could not tamely see, for instance, naval control of the Mediterranean pass from our hands, or our position in Malta, Gibraltar and Egypt threatened; and thus we should be compelled to meet in some way the growth of Italian imperialism. The preservation of naval supremacy which any intensive imperial policy involves means now—in these days of air power, more than ever—continental alliance. Isolation from Europe for a world-wide empire or commonwealth having its centre in Europe is a clear impossibility.

The other alternative urged by the very considerable forces in England which oppose the government's present foreign policy is to share the French hegemony and cooperate in the more or less permanent subjugation of Germany. But such a policy, involving as it does commitments to support satellite military states like Poland against powers like Russia, is only feasible for nations that are habituated to conscription and relatively indifferent to disorganization of foreign trade. Great Britain is not in a position to accept either condition. As experience under three Premiers has shown, no country in the economic and political situation of Britain can participate in a policy like that followed during the last year or two by France. Moreover, acquiescence in the overwhelming military preponderance of France implies acceptance of the war-time mythology which made all the Allies such good people that we could safely forget five hundred years of history and trust France with power that placed us at her mercy. Even for Lord Rothermere this theory has become a little too naïve.

There are for Great Britain just two possible courses. She can return to the ancient balance of power or can seek the transformation of Europe into what Wilson called a community of power—some general alliance, call it League or what you will, based on the principle that advantages offered to all parties to it shall be upheld irrespective of political favoritism. Now the most significant feature of the present situation is that the momentum of war propaganda has made it as difficult for the government to follow the old policy as the new. Statesmen of Napoleonic times in days which knew no Rothermere press with daily circulations running into three or four millions would promptly have met the French situation by restoring the

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balance through complete cooperation with the late enemy or enemies. Maintenance of the balance-of-power policy implies, indeed, readiness to make the enemies of yesterday the allies of today. In that day it could be done at a pinch on the field of battle. But Poincaré is perfectly aware that the feeling which the vast machinery of war propaganda created has rendered it impossible for the British government to appear to cooperate with Germany.

The thing which made this realist policy impossible was not, be it noted, the influence of Lord Birkenhead's idealists but of those who boast of their realism, the anti-League Die-hards supported by the anti-League and anti-Hun popular press. They have refused to see that Lord Robert Cecil's policy could have secured through the League all the real advantages which the most realist statesmen could have secured through the coldest balance-of-power diplomacy. This position might well be made the subject matter of some monstrous Shavian comedy based on an incredible inversion of the traditional British hypocrisy: a British government hamstrung in pursuit of a realist policy of national self-interest, because to the country squires who constitute parliamentary Die-hards and to the anaemic millions who read the Rothermere press it happens to look like international idealism.

Well, what of the future? An American friend in Italy writes thus:

> The experience of this week in Italy, following that of our stay in Paris, is for me a complete disproof of the notion that the common people in Europe even now dislike war or desire peace. With the memory of Caporetto still fresh, the backs of the workers bending under the ever-growing burden of war debts, and the savings of the middle classes divided in four thereby, the whole country is nevertheless aflame with war fever. If tomorrow this pinchbeck Napoleon should go on to the seizure not only of Fiume but of Salonica, Malta, Gibraltar and Egypt, of which his press is already seriously talking, he would have the whole country behind him. The fact that the present incident presents a deadly parallel to 1914 disturbs these people not at all. The war has taught them no lesson and the nationalism gone mad which was its cause is unchanged. What we saw in France is the same thing in a slightly different form. Indeed, one may ask, if the Ruhr is permissible for Poincaré, why not Corfu for Mussolini? Europe will not get peace, because Europe does not want it, or at least, want it anything like as much as she wants satisfaction of national hates or browbeating domination of national rivals.

If this is indeed the whole truth or near it, is it any good at all discussing the League of Nations as a factor in European politics? But the matter is not so simple as that. For though the League should disappear in this crisis, or be utterly discredited, the issue it raises would be in fact the issue upon which nations would divide and alliances be made.

My friend's conclusions need certain rather obvious qualifications. European peoples like the French and Italians are honestly, genuinely sick of war. But the great masses everywhere, as much in Britain as in France or Italy, are still moved by the old moral values of pre-war and pre-League patriotism. Few national leaders anywhere have had the courage to make it plain, that what under the old order nations regarded as right must now, if subscription to the League is to mean anything whatever, be condemned as wrong. Because that has not been done we get the contradictory spectacle in Europe of nations proclaiming honestly enough their desire for peace, and pursuing policies which make war inevitable. They do not even see that any wrong is done by the refusal to yield those things, especially the things of sentiment which, under the code of nationalism as we have all professed it heretofore, everybody regarded as inherent in national right. A Palmerston in former days dealing with the Greeks, a Chamberlain in a later one with the Boers, a Roosevelt with the Colombians, deemed that national dignity and right demanded precisely the sort of attitude which Mussolini now adopts. Indeed, the right to be one's own judge in one's own cause was passionately affirmed by all the Allies as recently as 1919 in the group of treaties which bear the names of Paris suburbs; while the principle that no nation can really be expected to cooperate in enforcing the law against its Allies has been affirmed within the last few months by British Liberal statesmen in the repeated emphasis laid on the need of maintaining friendship with France at any price. Corfu involves for Britain fundamentally the same issues as the Ruhr.

It is now obvious that if nationalist tradition is to guide international relations in the future as in the past, then, in the circumstances of the case, Britain is bound sooner or later to make a German rapprochement as a means of opposing France and possibly Italy. Only under internationalist or League policy can the inevitable drawing nearer to Germany be made the means of French or Italian security. It is those who now demand hats off to France and acquiescence for Italy who would in the end lead us to irrepressible conflict.

NORMAN ANGELL.

London.
(By cable).

The Hill by the Lake

There are hooks and spines, thorns beyond name and number,
Every kind of cactus on that hill.
I can see clearly cactus from my window,
Cylinders, fingers, columns, lobes, and still
I lean, with every twilight, on my railing
And wish that I might touch and pet and pat
And stroke and hold alive the glossy hillside:
While the lake is moving like the tail of a cat.

WITTER BYNNER.

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President Coolidge

WE seemed to be in some danger a while ago of acquiring almost overnight a new Coolidge myth. People read in their evening papers that President Harding was steadily improving, were awakened from their first slumber that night by newsboys crying extras telling of Mr. Harding's death, and within twenty-four hours were under an avalanche of assurance that the country was absolutely safe and a little more than safe in the sudden elevation to the presidency of him who for three years had been the dimmest, shadowiest figure in national politics. The avalanche of assurance and reassurance lasted several weeks.

Several forces contributed, the first of which was the Old Guard, and the interests it serves, giving full play to the instinct for self-preservation. There was no time to falter. The beginnings of the presidential primaries were just around the corner, and the imperative need was to close up ranks. Behind whom, if not Coolidge? The answer was plain. They saw it and acted with decision and promptness that compelled the admiration of all who find pleasure in competent technique. One illustration will suffice.

About the time Hiram Johnson came home from Europe, to beat the isolation tom-toms fiercely on a stage carefully prepared by Hearst and others, a Washington reporter called on a Senator who is very close to the inside of the Republican national machine and asked whether there was any sign of weakening in the plan to renominate Mr. Harding. "Not the slightest," replied the Senator. "We must renominate him. We know the risks, and we disagree with him on some things. But we must renominate him, or confess failure. And," he added, "we are going to renominate that other fellow, too. You know—You know who I mean! The other fellow, the Vice-President? What's his name? Coolidge!" There was a burst of laughter, in which the Senator joined. "Well," he concluded in humorous defiance, "anyhow, we are going to renominate him." Within a short time after Mr. Harding's death, that Old Guard senatorial reliable was back in his state, declaring for Coolidge in 1924, and picturing him not only as able and sound, but as a "go through man" of the first water—the exact sort the American people need.

The process was helped by the Washington reporters. They had become accustomed to doing business with Mr. Harding on extremely pleasant terms twice a week in group interviews, politely called press conferences in Washington where everybody "confers" and nobody ever merely "talks." When the first excitement of writing the Washington news angle of Mr. Harding's death had passed, and the reporters had time to think what it meant to them, and to contemplate semi-weekly sessions at the White House with the man from whom they had found it impossible to extricate more than a sentence during his vice-presidential service, their lamentations surpassed anything since the Book of Job was written.

Imagine, then, the bound of their spirits when in the first White House interviews, Mr. Coolidge talked more than Mr. Harding ever had. His replies to questions even approached the overstuffed style. Asked when he would move into the White House, he not only indicated the day and the approximate hour, but explained that under the circumstances, the entrance would be "made without ostentation, but with fitting dignity"—about as useless an expenditure of words as a man of silence ever made. More than that, in those first interviews he said exactly what the large majority of the reporters, thought he should say. That fact will prove to the reader whatever it will prove to the reader; but undoubtedly it helped President Coolidge mightily in our estimates.

On top of the effect of the attitude of the Old Guard and the reporters there were these circumstances tending toward the upbuilding of a Coolidge myth: The country was tired of a President of soft, curving outline, as it always becomes in a little while, and was ripe for a lean, hard-sinewed man, and Mr. Coolidge had the right looks; the country's appetite for the singular in character and habit was pleased within a week with more pungent anecdotes about the Vermont Yankee, become President, than it had heard about any President within half a century, not excepting Roosevelt; and, finally, the unquenchable optimism of your American rose in full flood at the sight of something new and therefore good.

Well, after the sobering effect of six weeks or so, what do we really find on our hands? An honest, industrious, patient conformist of the upper average type, whose intellectual counterpart—not his temperamental—is moderately prominent in every fair-sized town between the oceans. Heaven alone knows what the responsibilities of the presidency will do for him and to him. They may so fertilize some hitherto quiescent quality or faculty as to lift him to the level of a really big man or a really great man; or they may break his back; or they may leave him as they found him. Time will tell that story. What we have now is a man whose total credits do not vary greatly from those of Mr. Harding.

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He has certain advantages over Mr. Harding. One is that he has a better formal education in the fundamentals of American institutions. His training as a lawyer and the tendency of his serious reading have given him better equipment than was had by Mr. Harding, who was mainly newspaper-educated. Another advantage is that he has a much more orderly mind than Mr. Harding's. He does things in a careful, one-two-three New England way, and he thinks things out in that way. He showed both of these advantages in a very brief discussion of the cases of the political prisoners, the best discussion that has been heard in the White House interviews. He laid down on one side the right of free speech; he laid down on the other the criminal law, dealing with incitement of riot and such misdeeds; he said there was the question of fact whether the prisoners had merely exercised their rights of speech, or had violated the criminal law; and he then said that if they violated the criminal law, there was to be determined the question whether they had been sufficiently punished. It was perfectly simple; a hundred thousand lawyers could do as well. But it was far more orderly reasoning than Mr. Harding had shown on the subject.

But he seems to fall short of Mr. Harding in other respects. He has not as much imagination as Mr. Harding, nor as sound intuitions. His mind never leaps; he must always feel his way. And strange as it may seem to people who looked upon Mr. Harding as lacking in forthright courage, it may be doubted that Mr. Coolidge is as brave a man. Mr. Harding did not like to take risks, but he carried them with a certain serenity when they were thrust upon him. I doubt very seriously that Mr. Harding would have turned the hard coal strike over to Governor Pinchot. Very likely, he would have done nothing himself about the strike. But in that event, he probably would have borne the responsibility for doing nothing. Mr. Coolidge not only did nothing; he gladly turned the responsibility and the attendant risk over to Mr. Pinchot. A mass of stories went out of Washington to the effect that the Governor of Pennsylvania had powers in the anthracite situation that the President of the United States lacked. The only real thing Pinchot had was nerve. With his eyes open, he accepted cheerfully the chance to win or to lose in a big way. And he knew that if he was to use any powers, other than his personal courage and resource, they would needs be powers dug up and stretched for the emergency, not powers lying ready at hand.

When these advantages and disadvantages of Mr. Coolidge as compared with Mr. Harding are balanced, they probably offset each other. What is left is a conservative who will be exceedingly cautious about any change in the existing order. And that is what the country had in the presidency before Mr. Harding died. Mr. Coolidge believes in the Harding domestic policies not merely because it is the wise thing to be steady in the boat just now, but because those policies involve only such changes as are compulsory. He will fight an essentially rear-guard action against the radicals on the railroad question, as Mr. Harding would have done; he will be against appreciable change in the immigration policy; he will go no further than public opinion in dealing with coal in the next Congress; he will remind the farmers, as Mr. Harding did, that the government has passed many laws for their benefit, and he will be fearfully timid about "interfering with natural economic laws" through any further agrarian legislation. His foreign policy will be as cautious as Mr. Harding's and probably more cautious, for it is one of the distinct danger spots in the presidential primaries, and Mr. Coolidge, in his careful, one-two-three way, has his eye constantly on those primaries.

He will be in the future what, as I have said before, he is now—an honest, industrious, patient conformist. It is enormously significant that most of his time since he has been in the White House has been devoted to getting a grasp on the workings of the governmental machine, and not to consideration of the great issues that are ahead of him. Barring only the off-chance that the presidency will fertilize some quiescent quality or faculty that will urge him into a new development, the people will be disappointed who seek to find in him the personification of their longing for a lean, ascetic leader who will find and show the way out of the agonies of this country and of the world. Mr. Coolidge today is far removed from what Woodrow Wilson was at the pinnacle of his powers—an Old Testament prophet with the audacity of the devil. The new President is the man to preach the homely virtues; he is not the man to see visions and to challenge a hesitant, baffled people to follow him, and to risk all on the acceptance or rejection of the challenge.

He may get away with it. The Old Guard, so swift to take him up to save itself, would love such a man for another four years. But if his policy in the next Congress, probably negative on the whole, leaves the country cold; if the farmers remain angry; if there comes a soft coal strike next April and the Coolidge administration is impotent as in the hard coal strike—if those things happen, the Old Guard may be expected to give him the votes it garners on a ballot or two and then switch to more likely material. And in that event, the chances are 100 to 1 there will be no vital power in Mr. Coolidge to stay their game. He will return to Massachusetts, and become a sage, performing satisfactorily at the banquets of the industrial chieftains.

JOHN W. OWENS.

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What the Russians Think of Us

A LITTLE newspaper in one of the remoter Volga towns was speculating on the mystery of the Americans.

The town was Tsaritzen, away down toward the Caspian. At its feet flows the great river; behind it stretch the treeless steppes. Not lively in the best of times, with the famine it became a place of despair. People died in the streets. A man's shop was robbed. What of it—was he not hoarding five poods of flour? Some one was murdered. What of that—were not the starved dying by thousands? A moral fog had settled over the place. There was no work, no hope, almost no desire.

Under these conditions, the little paper explained, the Americans began their work. Kitchens appeared as if by magic. Supplies arrived at the proper places and on time. Although a person couldn't live on the pay given by the A. R. A., yet the best people were anxious to work for the organization. "With the appalling destruction we have lost our balance. There is no self-confidence, no certainty that work is useful or necessary. One seeks a quiet corner in which he may do something useful but finds only a mass of confusion which is beyond all power to put in order, and quickly becomes discouraged. But in the A. R. A. everything is in order. Each employee has his place and knows that he is responsible. One is sure of results and can breathe freely . . ."

Bandits had stopped interfering with the American work. They called the A. R. A. "Nurse," and left it alone. The solidity and efficiency of its work in a region where nothing else was sure had inspired in them a certain respect and fear. There were other things. At the post and telegraph offices demands of the Americans were met with astonishing promptness, whereas others had to wait two or three days for an answer. Yet they gave no bribes and made no threats. They simply stated their needs and demanded action. The existence of this phenomenon in that atmosphere of famine, crime and despair was a remarkable thing. How could it be explained? The explanation, the little paper said, was this:

"We Russians love miracles, believe in them and expect them. A. R. A. is miraculous. To interfere with it would be a sin."

In some six months' living and travel in Russia, this was the most graceful thing I read or heard said about America or Americans. It was agreeable to our vanity for its own sake, and there was an added touch of pleasure in having it said in so delightfully "Russian" a way.

The surprising thing, I presume, to those preoccupied with the fact that Americans have given something like seventy million dollars' worth of relief, is the little that Russians think of us at all. But it is scarcely surprising to anyone familiar with the country or the conditions under which its people have been living for the past six years.

Most of those to whom the American food has gone are, of course, ignorant peasants and their children, to whom America is scarcely more than a name—a mythical place, as far away as Mars, filled with sky-scrapers, whirring machinery and millionaires. One could tell of whole villages which fell on their knees and bowed their heads in the snow when the first American corn arrived; of hundreds of touching little testimonials—embroidery, things carved out of wood—given to the young Americans distributing the relief, when they were transferred to other districts or left for home. But one does not expect from such people the same sort of conscious and understanding response that would come, for example, from the citizens of some Ohio town, when on the day after the flood had ruined them, they heard that the citizens of some other town in North Dakota were shipping them a trainload of flour.

The attitude of the educated—pale students, ragged professors, and the city intelligentsia generally—is different, to be sure. And those who have seen it will not forget the light that came into the eyes of those people who, after years of existence on little but frozen potatoes and bits of black bread, when the mere washing of a table-cloth was out of the question because there was no money to buy soap, sat down in a warm room, before a table freshly-laid, to a dinner of white bread and cocoa and good soup. It was not mere food to them; it was the return of decency and self-respect and a way of living that had seemed gone forever.

But it is all but impossible for Russians to believe that any people would give away millions in this way without expecting something very concrete in return. There must be a joker somewhere. In the case of the government this suspicion took the form of more or less active hostility. Trotsky, with his usual sardonic humor, once said in a public speech that the American government had no reason not to know about conditions in Russia with its network of informers thrown over the whole country. And this point of view was characteristic all along the line. Although, because it needed the food, the government cooperated, the work was carried on nevertheless in a persistent atmosphere of suspicion.

And this is hardly to be wondered at. A class war brings with it all of any other war's prejudice and unreasonable psychology. For several years,

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moreover, the Bolshevists were not only trying to bring about revolution in the rest of the world but they were actually fighting, on their own borders, the rest of the world's troops. British, French, and Polish soldiers, and the armies of all the little border states, were invading Russia. These invasions have ceased. The hope of a world revolution seems largely to have been given up. The Soviet government, secure now within its own borders, is faced with the task, not of stirring up trouble, but of governing and satisfying its citizens. It has already gone a long way in compromise with its original theories and no one can say how far it may yet be forced to retreat—not by outside physical force, but by what Trotsky called the "facts of life." The war psychology persists, nevertheless. You cannot teach a people for several years that foreigners are devils and then all at once receive them with open arms.

Public opinion about America, or anything else, in the western sense of the word, is of course out of the question. The opinion expressed in the papers is party opinion. Within the lines of the party, however, there is plenty of criticism. Lunarcharsky may complain that the schools are in worse condition than in the Tsar's time and blame Trotsky for taking too much of the state's money for the army. Djerzinsky, Commissar of Railroads, may speak bitterly of the bribery in his department and call for a "front" to drive it out. Those who favor more freedom of foreign trade may assert that the main obstacle to progress is the government's foreign trade monopoly. But all this is internal criticism. The outsiders—those who would belong to moderate Socialist or liberal parties, if such existed, nearly all the former intelligentsia, in fact,—are without a public voice.

Public comment on things American, outside of relief activities, is governed by the same party considerations, and is naturally almost always unfavorable. A Moscow comic paper last summer published on its front page a cartoon consisting of two pictures in parallel columns. One, representing a group of African cannibals seated around a fire waiting for a helmeted white man to be roasted, was labelled "In Barbarous Africa." The other, representing a Negro burning at the stake, surrounded by a mob of gleeful whites, was labelled "In Cultured America." This aspect of our civilization, which puzzles nearly all Europeans, is an easy target for satire and every once in so often comes a cartoon of this sort or an editorial on The Brute with a Veneer of Culture. The same laws make "news" in Russia as elsewhere. Of the solid accomplishment of America, the Russian newspaper readers hear little or nothing, but if an American judge makes a reactionary decision, or a legislature passes some particularly silly law, or some one is deported or imprisoned unjustly, there is probably not a paper so small or remote that it will not sooner or later have the story of it.

When it was proposed last autumn to send a commission to Russia, and the Soviet government replied that such a commission would be received provided a similar commission from Russia were received in America, the Soviet answer was characterized by some of the American papers (according to the Moscow press) as a "diplomatic slap in the face." I did not see the American papers at that time and do not know that this particular phrase was used, but it seems reasonable to assume that something of the sort was said. In any case, the Moscow Izvestia took this phrase as a text and said:

> The American press is well-known for its liking for exaggeration. America has built the tallest sky-scrapers on, under and above the earth. Therefore if America gets a reply which is not to her liking, it must be a record-breaker. It becomes necessarily a "slap in the face."
>
> The reply of the Russian government may not please the American press, but there is no reason for inventing imaginary slaps.
>
> For the past few years America has been in the fortunate rôle of giver in many European countries. Often it was enough to wear American boots to have the right to put your feet on the table.
>
> The negotiations can not be one-sided. Russia is not a hotel. This should be understood by the American public. It goes without saying that Soviet Russia strives for a practical understanding with America, but this understanding will be possible only if America will grasp the fact that it is also useful to her, and not start in with the notion of merely "making yourself at home." The reply of the Soviet government meant that and nothing more. There is no occasion for raising an uproar about a slap in the face which nobody ever gave . . .

Whether there is justification for the Soviet answer can better be told by those acquainted with the original proposal. I was in Russia at the time and never knew its details. There is no question, however, that Izvestia's comment represented the genuine feeling of many outside the government, as well as in it, toward what they assumed the proposal to be. It may be said that the Bolshevists are suffering from an "inferiority complex," that they are unreasonably touchy and not ready to meet outsiders half-way. That is true. Many of them are afflicted with an inferiority complex, the result of years of under-dog existence, and dealings with Russia will be correspondingly difficult as long as they remain on the scene. There they are, however, and a part of a government which exists and functions—the only Russian government there is. And in so far as statesmanship consists in understanding the other man's point of view, their notions must be taken into consideration whether we think them sensible or not.

ARTHUR RUHL.

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California Justice

FOR a hundred years after the Sedition Act of 1798, political and economic discussion among citizens of the United States was unrestrained by law, although occasional alarm was felt at the possibility that the open statement of extreme radical views might lead to violent acts. The Espionage Act showed that men can be punished in this country for what they say as well as for what they do, and within three years after its passage thirty-one states had made sedition in time of peace a serious crime.[1] More than half these states adopted an almost uniform statute, which created the new crime of criminal syndicalism and was directed mainly against the Industrial Workers of the World.

What Is Criminal Syndicalism?

Thus the California Statute (Laws, 1919, chapter 188) begins by defining criminal syndicalism as:

> Any doctrine or precept advocating, teaching or aiding and abetting the commission of crime, sabotage (which word is hereby defined as meaning wilful and malicious physical damage or injury to physical property), or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change.

Imprisonment from one to fourteen years may be inflicted upon any person who advocates, teaches, or aids and abets criminal syndicalism; who wilfully attempts to justify it; who publishes or circulates any written or printed matter advocating or advising it; who organizes, assists in organizing, or knowingly becomes a member of any group organized to advocate it (without necessarily urging this doctrine himself); or who commits any act advocated by this doctrine with intent to effect a change in industrial ownership or any political change.

Although these Criminal Syndicalism Acts soon became a dead-letter in most states, not so in California. At least nine cases have gone to appellate courts, more than in any other state except Washington. One prosecution has been used to bring on another. When some I. W. W.'s were on trial and Miss Anita Whitney was produced as a witness for the defense to describe the aims of the organization, she was rejected because, not being a member, she had no expert knowledge. Consequently, other I .W. W.'s had to be brought in as witnesses. As soon as these left the courtroom after testifying, they were arrested on the ground they had admitted being members of the proscribed organization, and they were also tried and convicted.

Breaking Up the I. W. W.

Nevertheless, the results secured by the criminal law proved unsatisfactory to the prosecuting officials. The Defense Committee says "that jurors are refusing to convict" on the evidence of "the self-confessed criminals whom the prosecutions have been in the habit of using as their chief witnesses." (Compare the nature of the affidavits mentioned hereafter.) However this may be, the Attorney General has recently adopted a very different method from trial by jury for breaking up the I. W. W. in California.

On July 16, he applied to the Superior Court in Sacramento County for an injunction against the Industrial Workers of the World, and various specified committees, officers, and members of the organization. The same day Judge Charles O. Busick granted a restraining order in the terms requested by Attorney General. Such an order is a preliminary injunction, to remain in force for only a few days until a hearing can be held; it is issued when the judge is convinced by affidavits of an emergency so serious that he must forbid the defendants at once instead of waiting for them to present their reasons against an injunction. When the hearing is held the judge may dissolve the injunction as unwarranted, but in this case Judge Busick on August 23, after the defendants had stated their objections, turned the restraining order into a temporary injunction, which will last until the whole evidence of both sides has been given. Then, if he is satisfied of the merits of the state's case, the injunction will be made permanent. The defendants, however, are contending that the judge's conduct of previous criminal trials shows prejudice against the I. W. W. If they establish this contention, the case will be transferred to another judge, who may take a different view from Judge Busick and dissolve the injunction forthwith. Otherwise, the defendants announce their intention to appeal from the injunction, and if necessary to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The terms of the restraining order, and presumably of the temporary injunction now in force[2] are as follows:

> It is further ordered, that the defendants, . . . and each of them, their and each of their servants, agents,

[1] A list of references to these statutes and the judicial decisions construing them is given in Appendix V of the writer's Freedom of Speech.

[2] No copy of the temporary injunction has as yet reached the writer, but ordinarily such an injunction follows the same language as the restraining order, when as here the case does not turn on narrow questions of fact.

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solicitors, attorneys, and all others acting in aid or assistance of the defendants, or each of them, do absolutely desist and refrain from further conspiring with each other to carry out, and from carrying out, or attempting to carry out, their conspiracy to injure, destroy and damage property in the State of California and to take over and assume possession of the industries and properties in said State as well as the government thereof; and from knowingly circulating, selling, distributing and displaying books, pamphlets, papers or other written or printed matter advocating, teaching or suggesting criminal syndicalism, sabotage or the destruction of property for the purpose of taking over the industries and properties of all employers, or otherwise, and from advocating, by word of mouth or writing the necessity, propriety and expediency of criminal syndicalism or sabotage, direct action, wilful damage or injury to physical property and bodily injury to person or persons, and from justifying or attempting to justify, criminal syndicalism, the commission or attempt to commit crime, sabotage, violence or unlawful methods of terrorism with the intent to approve, advocate or further the doctrine of criminal syndicalism, as said terms "Criminal Syndicalism" and "Sabotage" are defined in [the Criminal Syndicalism Act of California], and from organizing or aiding or assisting to organize or extend or increase any society, assemblage or association of persons which teaches, advocates, aids and abets criminal syndicalism or the duty, necessity or propriety of committing crime, sabotage, violence or any unlawful method of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change, and from doing any acts to carry out the doctrines, theories and acts of criminal syndicalism and from in any manner whatsoever conspiring or confederating together for the carrying out of said purposes, or either thereof, until the further order of this court.

The Sacramento injunction combines two significant legal tendencies of recent years, governmental suppression of radical discussion and organizations, and governmental use of the injunction instead of criminal prosecutions to maintain "law and order."

The I. W. W. Thrives on Persecution

The first tendency, which was sketched in my opening paragraph, raises the familiar problem of the desirability of using force against opinions. Such a policy of coercion is especially questionable as applied to the I. W. W. The organization thrives on discontent, and persecution is the best way to increase discontent. Carleton Parker showed this before the Syndicalist Acts were passed (Atlantic, November 1917). Professor D. D. Lescohier of Wisconsin, whose interesting first-hand observations of The I. W. W. in the Wheat Lands are published in the August 1923 Harper's, reaches the same conclusions:

> They are a social tragedy rather than a social menace. . . . The nation cannot avoid what the I. W. W. stands for by forcible suppression of the organization, and it should not try. It can avoid revolutionary organizations among the workers only by removing the economic and social disadvantages that are the source of revolutionary discontent.

The second legal tendency noted above, the use of the injunction instead of the criminal law, is much more far-reaching in its possibilities of harm. Let us assume, though the defendants vigorously deny it, that the I. W. W. intends to do all the acts prohibited by this injunction. Nevertheless, any violence they may commit may be and ought to be severely punished under the ordinary Penal Code, and the Criminal Syndicalism Act contains sweeping provisions for the punishment of speech and writing short of action. How then does it happen that the Attorney General resorts to an injunction?

Advantages and Disadvantages of an Injunction

Courts of equity have no power to prevent crimes as such. They exist primarily to protect individual rights and not the state. B's factory is sending smoke into A's house. A gets an injunction forbidding B to continue the nuisance. If B disobeys, the court will order him imprisoned for contempt until he stops the smoke. The state is not a party to the proceeding.

However, the state may also get into equity as a property-owner. If B's factory is sending its smoke into the State House, the state may get an injunction just as A can, and it is immaterial that B's nuisance is also a criminal violation of a smoke-ordinance. What is still more important, a defendant may be injuring the public at large in a manner analogous to a private nuisance. Suppose B's smoke contains poisonous fumes which are endangering the lives of the neighbors. Then the state may obtain an injunction, not only as a property-owner, but also as the guardian of the health and general welfare of its citizens. On the same principle, in a California case[8] cited by the Attorney General as a precedent for his I. W. W. injunction, one of his predecessors in office had mine-owners prohibited from casting large quantities of débris into a river, so as to obstruct the navigation and water supply of a district. This injunctive power has been extended by statute to objectionable establishments like disorderly houses or illegal saloons, which constitute a plague-spot like the poison-spreading factory.

Such equitable proceedings have advantages over the criminal law. They avoid juries, which are reluctant to impose punishment for these minor offenses. An injunction may be obtained on proof by a preponderance of the evidence; conviction requires proof beyond a reasonable doubt. And it is often desirable to get rid of a clearly illegal establishment by direct suppression of the

[8] People v. Gold Run Ditch, 66 Cal. 155.

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thing itself without the crude and round-about method of imprisoning the human beings who operate it. Yet there are obvious disadvantages, which until the last few years have rendered courts very reluctant to extend this injunctive power against public nuisances, especially in the absence of express legislative authority. If the defendant seriously disputes the illegality of his conduct and thus is liable to disobey the decree, he will be imprisoned for conduct, which unless it is criminal constitutes no cause at all for his confinement. He and his sympathizers in the community will reflect that he is in jail without a jury trial and at the will of a single judge, who both passed on the facts and determined the duration of confinement, and from whose decision the right of appeal is very limited. Lawyers may distinguish contempt from conviction, but the man himself sees little difference. The prison fare is the same in both cases, the prison walls are equally thick. If a judge may, by the simple process of calling any crime a public nuisance, throw into jail any person whom he considers to have violated his injunction, trial by jury for crimes becomes a virtual nullity.

The Alleged Case against the I. W. W.

The complaint in the California case declares that the I. W. W. exists to teach criminal syndicalism, and is attempting "thereby to fan flames of discontent among all laboring men and women and all employees" in the state: that the defendants are conspiring to advocate sabotage and crime; and the breaking of employment contracts, for the purpose of accomplishing a political and economic revolution in the state and nation; that they aim at taking over the control of all nuisances and governments and "destroying all civilization as it now exists;" that many members have come into California during the past two months and conspired to cause a stoppage of work in the farms, mines, oil fields, and lumber industries of the state by syndicalism and sabotage; that if their purposes are accomplished, the health, lives, and property of the people will be endangered, and the production of the necessaries of life will be injured and decreased.

Aside from the allegations that the state is interested as a property owner, because its revenues from taxes will be diminished by these prospective injuries to its citizens' property, a ground obviously too remote for an injunction, the state's case must rest on the existence of a public nuisance by virtue of the threats summarized in the preceding paragraph. Yet the situation is entirely different from the recognized public nuisances like poisonous factories and illegal saloons. There is nothing you can put your finger on as a plague-spot, only a vague congeries of prospective violations of the Criminal Syndicalism Act, which ought to be dealt with if at all under that statute by the criminal proceedings which the legislature authorized, and not by an injunction without trial by jury, which it did not authorize.

And whether or not the suit presents any ground for equitable action after all the evidence has been heard, the granting of an injunction at the very outset of the proceedings is indefensible. A temporary injunction may properly be issued to preserve the status quo during the trial of a case; this restraining order attempts to change the status quo by driving out of existence an organization which, whatever its merits, has been going on for years. If it be said that such an injunction may sometimes alter the status quo if its continuance during the suit would work outrageous irreparable injury to the plaintiff, no evidence was offered in this case to show that the situation with respect to the I. W. W. in California was any different from what it had been during the past five years without fatal damage to lives and property. The affidavits (on which a restraining order must be based) were by three former members of the I. W. W. Almost everything they say relates to acts of sabotage in 1917 and 1918, and the contents of I. W. W. pamphlets which have been long in circulation. The only statement that indicates the possibility of especial danger in the immediate future is a single paragraph at the end of the seven-page affidavit of W. E. Townsend, a Los Angeles policeman and thrice a former member of the I. W. W., which says that in 1922 he was asked by several unnamed members to join an "Inner Circle . . . composed of trusted and desperate characters who would bind themselves under oath to assassinate jurists, prosecuting officers and others who were opposing the defendant organization . . . with the idea and purpose of so terrorizing officials and the public that they will cease to oppose the activities of the defendant organization, and cease to oppose its plans to take over all private property and overthrow the government."

There seems to be no reason why the existing state of affairs should not have been left alone until the suit was finished.

Working the Injunction Overtime

In conclusion, two points must be emphasized. First, aside from the validity of any particular injunction in these governmental suits, we are making a very grave mistake in allowing prosecuting officials to employ courts of equity in place of criminal courts. It is true that the criminal law has broken down in this country. The police will not or cannot arrest, the rules of evidence furnish countless technical obstructions, juries refuse to convict, new trials are readily granted. The prosecutor turns with relief from this uncertainty to the automatic, hair-trigger action of a judicial restraining order. Once more we are evading the

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issue. Instead of setting ourselves diligently to reorganize the administration of criminal justice, we shrink from the difficult task and try to make the injunction do the same job of maintaining order in industrial disputes. Sooner or later we shall pay the price. In a jury trial, the responsibility is distributed. It does not all fall on the judge. The accused is convicted by men from the street, not very different from himself except in their freedom from crime. The jury takes up the slack, as it were. In a court of equity, there is nothing to take up the slack. The judiciary, the most delicate part of our political machinery is subjected to a terrific strain, when it is made to do unaided, and in highly controversial cases, work fitted for the rougher mechanism of the criminal law.

Finally, the efficiency of the governmental injunction in maintaining the normal processes of life during industrial disputes, does not necessarily make it desirable. The natural wish of those in authority to make the government strong enough to meet the needs of the moment with rapidity may lead them to obtain efficiency by an undue sacrifice of freedom. Law and order are good, but they shade by imperceptible gradations into the order that "reigns in Warsaw." Experience has proved it wise that the public should have a fairly direct share in those functions of government that intimately affect the life of the average man. For instance, taxation, which may only be initiated by the branch of the legislature closest to the people; and punishment, which must be inflicted by a jury. The delays and uncertainties incident to such popular participation in government render men of action impatient. Charles I wanted taxes without Parliament, and the Star Chamber was instituted to suppress crime without a jury. The increased efficiency thereby secured was not adequately appreciated by the people at large. The use of the injunction to put men in prison without a jury trial for reasons that seem insufficient to a considerable body of their fellow-citizens is liable to produce a resentment that may eventually sweep away some judicial powers that had better be preserved along with what can be spared.

Instead of these get-peace-quick methods, let us tighten up the machinery of criminal justice to punish violent acts with all the swiftness and sureness of which the jury system is capable; rely on reforms and carefully considered economic adjustments to eradicate large strikes and the revolutionary spirit; and keep courts of equity for the tasks for which they have been developed by long experience. An equity judge ought not to be turned into a super-policeman.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

Endicott and I Conduct

WHEN two people conduct an orchestra, there is plot material. If the two are knit by marriage ties, the plot thickens. Endicott and I conduct a family orchestra, he at the piano, I playing second fiddle. I know more about music than does Endicott; he is more musical than I. I keep the time; he has the temperament. Temperament is more noble than time, but time, I shall always insist, has its place, perhaps nowhere more appropriately than in an orchestra. He at the piano can dominate the situation more neatly than I. In my position among the strings, however, I can more readily organize a strike.

The rest of the "pieces" are presided over by our children, young people of inflexible spirit and chromatic moods. Sometimes we doubt whether we have our troupe under the rigid control which as parents we might expect to command. The conductivity of an orchestra, says our son Geoffrey, varies with the distance of the blood-relationship between artists and conductor. When the children were little, we held the pleasant theory that a family orchestra would draw us all close together, standing as a symbol of our perfect harmony. That would be all right if the harmony would only go to suit us all equally at the same time. As it is our little band, in which observers find so touching a picture of hearthside unity, suggests sometimes all the elements of guerilla warfare.

The question most likely to strain diplomatic relations is the choice of what to play. This is complicated by the fact that we each judge music by a different norm. Geoffrey, for instance, begs us not to play anything where the cornet has to rest too much. He says that he cannot keep track of a rest of more than forty-seven measures and be absolutely sure of coming in again at the right place. Every one admits that it is unfortunate when Geoffrey comes in at the wrong place. There is no smoothing over the astonishing effect of his premature trumpeting. "You cannot," says Geoffrey, "do the dumb shuffle on the cornet." For his sake, therefore, in looking over new music, we examine the cornet part for rests before we finally buy.

Endicott, a quorum in himself, agrees to anything except five sharps. Once seated on the long piano bench, he is the genial patriarch at home. The girls, gracefully in league, object to extremes of any kind. They are our star per-

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formers, and must be humored at any cost. Knowing that the first violin and the cello are too valuable for us to lose, they exercise a cool and shameless power of veto at every turn.

I myself admire extremes. My tastes are catholic, and my choices range all the way from the Unfinished Symphony to The Swing, by Sudds. The one thing in all the world that I really will not play is Schumann's Warum, a favorite with the first violin. This worthy composition leaves me undone for days. Its insane, insistent question slides through my mind, over and over. I will not play it. I will not think about it. I will not even explain my antipathy. I have hidden the music.

Probably the assembling of an orchestra is to the audience a conventional and colorless affair enough. Any players of chamber music, however, who have been confined to a space that housed as many other things as does our living room, know better. After bringing in enough dining room chairs to seat the players, and adjusting the cross-legged music-stands, we find ourselves a little short of room. We have as yet been unable to find a type of music-stand that will not trip up long-legged cornetists off their guard. One evening when Geoffrey, threading his way to his seat, really did lose his balance, and plunged headlong into my work basket, one foot in the fireplace and the other still entangled in Barbara's music-stand, affairs rose to a climax.

"Everybody more than a mile high please leave the room," said Barbara, leaning over her 'cello and unweaving the legs of the stand from among her brother's feet. Any quotation from Alice in Wonderland is always calculated to infuriate the men of our family, and Endicott turned at once to his son's support.

"I don't see," said Endicott, "why Barbara doesn't arrange some little device for her music just as Margaret does. Those tin spider-legs are really dangerous."

Margaret's "device" is at least not dangerous. She pins her music to the tomato pin-cushion on the mantel, and stands aloof, compactly.

Once comfortably settled we tune. That is one thing that we all will do. Ever since the children began to learn, when even the baby would bring his harmonica and say "Give me M," they have always played to pitch. For this fact Endicott is not responsible. In the most critical attuning of our strings, Endicott will cease his obvious business of giving us "A", and will break into little improvised arpeggios and fanfares, incorrigibly. Why pianists do this will never fully appear. After the best disciplinary training that accompanist ever had, Endicott still continues to "practise his part" while the rest of us are tuning our fifths.

From my position in the orchestra, I can see the whole group reflected in the mirror over the fireplace. This helps me to conduct, and it also gives me pleasure. Barbara's 'cello is the most picturesque of all our instruments. I find something very lovable about the long, vibrant strings, and the gracious curves of its worn, dark form. A 'cello is big enough so that you can embrace it and treat it as an equal—big enough to satisfy your love for layer on layer of velvet tone. And Geoffrey is the most picturesque of all our players. There may be men who can play a cornet with a perfectly natural cast of countenance, concealing their attention to a proper "lip" under a nonchalant expression. There is nothing nonchalant about Geoffrey's lean cheek and beetling brows. His eyes are purposeful and all his hair erect. His incalculable legs are far astray, and the very angle of his elbows has a look of do or die. Margaret on tiptoe before her tomato pincushion is perhaps not wholly at one with the group. One evening she turned briskly about, waved her violin like a brakeman's flag and announced that somebody was out and we'd better begin at "K."

"It was old Meggie herself," said Geoffrey fraternally. "Everyone's out of step but Meggie."

Does every amateur orchestra, I wonder, when trying new music, interrupt itself sometimes for the tentative inquiry, "Are we all at 'J'?" Now and then we have an uneasy feeling that we all are not at "J," and a general assurance that we are lends confidence. Another amateur pleasure of ours is in taking liberties with repeat signs. If we like the passage extremely, we mind the repeat; if we are not acutely stirred, we take the second ending. With new music we have no way of knowing beforehand what we shall especially admire. It chances accordingly that the cornet and the 'cello perhaps shout in the same breath, "Repeat!" and "Don't repeat!" respectively. At such moments it is impossible to keep the orchestra together, even with two conductors. We usually stop and have a family consultation as to who is conducting this band anyway.

Orders of the kind just mentioned, shouted into the middle of the music, are likely to sound abrupt not to say savage. When you have a violin beneath your chin and a melody beneath your bow, you simply cannot converse in human tones, no matter how mild your mood. There is a certain tenseness about your voice, a dictatorial crispness about your brief request that is likely to sound domineering. Margaret and Geoffrey almost became permanently estranged one evening because Geoffrey in the midst of a lovely passage took the mouthpiece of his cornet from his lips long enough to roar "Three flats! Three flats!" for her guidance. Such stage directions have a brusque and startling tone, as if the speaker had stood all he could from you, up to the explosion point, and

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must now relieve his mind. Then too there is of course a subtle excitement about the playing that approaches the danger mark if anybody happens to spoil the spell. Little things seem vital in such moods.

But I think that the part we shall all remember is something more difficult to describe. Sometimes of a witching night when we all are keyed for the music, and outside circumstances behave in normal fashion, there comes an experience worth all the years of scratchy scales that went before. We are in the midst of the Larghetto, in the Second Symphony, perhaps. I am not conducting. Neither is Endicott. Perhaps Beethoven prefers to conduct the Larghetto himself. And then suddenly, as one sometimes on a journey becomes vividly aware of a breeze and blue distance and firm hills beneath his feet, I really hear the chord that we are playing. It is no longer a measured flow of mingled sound, but distinct, exquisite, richly personal to me. There is the queer little rush of the accent that comes from the first violin when Margaret is really stirred; the 'cello's full response, vibrant, but soft with hidden masses of covered tone. I can feel my own little second fiddle quivering beneath my bow. There is some curious connecting of the spirit in the playing of a chord. Again and again we find it. Probably these moments are what we live for, varied though our programs always are. In our cabinet are certain ragged folios that we try not to play too often. They live in promiscuous company: Peer Gynt and the Edinburgh Quadrille; Massenet and MacDowell; The Red Mill; Liszt and Bach; The Toy Symphony and Schumann's Liebesgarten —each of these has its time. Our only question is, "What next?"

At times when we have been ambitious all the evening and Geoffrey's lip is tired, we hunt up one of the songs arranged for voice and orchestra. The Shoogy Shoo is one of these. Endicott then in generous baritone sings as he will, and the rest of us with mutes astride our bridges follow on. I shall not hear that song without the picture of the group in the mirror; Endicott upon the old red piano bench, his hair silver under the lamplight, his mood transformed. He is no longer the down-trodden accompanist to whom a measure is restraint, but the untrammeled artist creating his own rhythms. What is a measure or two between friends? Then I watch the girls, now wholly at ease, their bows moving softly, their eyes upon the muted strings. Geoffrey listens with his cornet on his knee.

After all, though music that we long to play is far beyond us, though we cannot always find all the parts, no matter how many times we search the piles; though the telephone rings and the heater blows off steam—these all are only passing discords. Some sort of music is always ready, alluring: Mr. Strauss for times of enterprise with all our reckless hearts; the Shoogy Shoo for the moments when strings have snapped; ancient hymns at twilight of a Sunday evening with Endicott to sing and now and then a guest with a fiddle of his own. After such evenings as these are over, when the children are putting away the instruments and folding the stands, and I go about locking up the house for the night, I think that I do not greatly care who really conducts that orchestra—Endicott or I.

HELEN C. MANG.

King's Ransom

About the Emperor's thumb revolving,
Mouthed by Manchu's enamelled dragon;
Upon the damasked barge, dissolving
Within the deep Egyptian flagon;

Downcast before the swine by Circe;
Poised between double diamond prisms;
Clipped by the horse-shoe nail that hearsay
Declares a cure for rheumatisms;

If the artificer be Vulcan
Or microscopical Cellini
To set an eyeball for a falcon
Or carve a button for a genie,—

And whether cupped in gold or copper,
In frigid silver or the burly
Embrace of bronze; stained by the upper
Cloud colors, or profound sea-pearly,—

Whether consuming or congealing
In fire or salt, O never shall you
Find an enchantment for concealing
This little moon's enormous value!

ELINOR WYLIE.

Threshold

There is no strangeness in the sharp descent
Of brooks down stony stairways, ledge by ledge;
Hills cannot hold them, valleys circumvent,
Nor can they pause to rest save at the edge
Of that oblivion which receives them soon.
Meeting the silver of some lonely beach,
They drink the salt and feel the tugging moon,
To learn at last the sea's primordial speech.

But when we stand confronting this white line
Of creeping surf, it is as though we were
Upon a threshold, fearful to resign
The safety of our world. We feel a stir
That answers to the tides, and something sings—
O brook that rises from eternal springs!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Coolidge's Police Strike Record

SIR: Permit me respectfully to draw your attention to two absurd errors of fact in the reference to the Boston police strike in a recent issue of the New Republic. I am indifferent to your opinion concerning Mr. Coolidge's part in the strike but as a steady reader of the New Republic and one acquainted with the elements of that situation I would prefer you to go deeper than the newspaper headlines before commenting thereon.

First, you say, "This proclamation, the World points out, marked the first step taken by the Governor in the emergency." The proclamation in question was issued by Governor Coolidge on Thursday, September 11, 1919, when he assumed charge of the strike crisis.

Now, the records plainly show that on Wednesday morning at almost the same time Mayor Peters precepted the Tenth Regiment, of Boston, Governor Coolidge ordered out three additional regiments. Later Wednesday he called out two others. By 2:30 o'clock Thursday morning six regiments of Massachusetts militia, the entire military strength of the state, were patrolling Boston.

Mayor Peters brought out the Tenth Regiment after Police Commissioner Curtis had asked him to do so, under an agreement whereby Curtis was to give the word when the rioting passed from his control. It then, under the law, became the Mayor's duty to restore peace to the city. The Governor had instructed both Peters and Curtis that he would not intervene until they had exhausted their powers and required his larger authority.

However, the Governor had started to prepare for the emergency on Monday. The strike occurred Tuesday evening and the turbulence reached a serious stage at about midnight. On Monday evening he established military headquarters in the Adams House, ordered field equipment for three regiments brought in from the Framingham arsenal and directed all militia commanders in the commonwealth to be ready for instant service in Boston. On Tuesday night he again established his headquarters in the Adams House, eighteen rooms being required for his civil and military staff, and observed the breakdown of order in the city, ready to act at a word from the Boston authorities. During the height of the disturbance the Governor left his hotel through the Mason Street entrance, walked over to Tremont Street, overlooking the thronged Common, and made his way through the crowd unrecognized back to the Washington Street entrance.

Why Governor Coolidge did not take control of Boston earlier and the reasons prompting his action when he did, make up a separate story which I should be glad to recount for you if you desired, quoting the record only.

Secondly, you say, "Next day (Friday, September 12) the men returned to work." A moment's reflection will remind you that the men never returned to work, that their places were declared vacant when they struck and that despite the efforts of Mr. Gompers, organized labor in Massachusetts, the sentimental and the fearsome in other groups, Governor Coolidge and Mr. Curtis recruited an almost completely new police force.

It was the governor's insistence that these men never again should be entrusted with the safety of Boston that won him the greatest measure of acclaim.

As for the report of Mr. Storrow's Committee of Thirty-four, it is valuable and trustworthy so long as it deals with matters within its province, namely, the activities of the Committee of Thirty-four in trying to avert a strike. Beyond that point it does not go authoritatively, nor was any apparent effort made by its compilers to get all the official facts.

In my examination of the strike record I studied the correspondence passing between the Governor, the Mayor and the Police Commissioner; read reports of the Commissioner, the Adjutant General, the Attorney General, the Governor's secretary and the Committee of Thirty-four, besides talking with many men directly concerned and going through the Boston Herald's complete clippings on the subject. FORREST DAVIS.

New York City.

Who Stopped the Strike?

SIR: Apropos of your remarks concerning the Boston police strike in your issue of August 29, I want to remind you that the citizens of Boston recognize that the credit for setting that matter right belongs to the late police-commissioner Mr. Curtis. Governor Coolidge and Mayor Peters both had their hands forced by the commissioner's position. Both officials did their duty in the end, and when it proved that the path of duty was also the way to popular approval the Republicans strove to crown the Governor with the laurel wreath, while the Democrats insisted that the Mayor was entitled to wear it. As a matter of fact Edwin U. Curtis had a better claim to the distinction than either Governor or Mayor.

Incidentally you say that the "men went back to work" the day after the Governor's proclamation. That is not so; they never went back to work for the sufficient reason that they could never have been trusted in their old positions. For two months or more Boston was policed by the state militia while a wholly new force was being organized by Commissioner Curtis. So far as I know not a single policeman who went on strike has ever worn the uniform since that day. There may be one or two exceptions made for reasons of weight, but the men who struck never "returned to work." H. S. C.

Boston.

The Economy of Peter and Paul

SIR: Let's have no more of these plans "for subsidizing wheat" at $1.25 per bushel as suggested by X. Y. in your edition of August 22. That any such plan is at best but a makeshift which will pay Peter only by robbing Paul is revealed in X. Y.'s own statement when he declares "The loss on the operation" (of selling surplus wheat in foreign markets) "would be covered from public funds. Incidentally, the lowered price in the European markets would have the effect of discouraging wheat acreage in other countries for next season."

This year it is a plea to have the government save the wheat farmer. Next year the plea would come from the consumer to be rescued by the government from the condition arising from high priced grain, the cost of the help to be paid out of the apparently limitless "public fund."

Must the laws of supply and demand be abandoned entirely and replaced by an enervating and paternal government supported by ever heaped up taxes? Let the wheat farmer take his loss this year with the California peach growers who will receive but $30 per ton for clings and seven cents per pound for dried Muirs and Yellows, with one fourth of last year's crop still unsold.

But there are more years coming, and perhaps the stabilization of wheat may yet be brought about by an intelligent world estimate of acreage, as the California peach industry which has attracted gamblers' capital by the huge profits made in former years, will be stabilized by the severe jolt dealt to speculator orchardists by this year's prices. WESLEY E. ROBBINS.

Chico California.

A New Step in Education

SIR: I think New Republic readers may be interested to learn of a new and significant role in educational activity that the students of the New School for Social Research—an institution for adult education—have assumed, with the sanction of the board of directors and the faculty. They have arranged through their organization, the Students Cooperative Association, for a course in Nineteenth Century Thought to be given by Morris Cohen, Professor of Philosophy in C. C. N. Y. at the New School this fall. In every respect the giving of this course represents purely a students' activity. The whole responsibility—arranging the course, choosing the instructor, securing the students, and paying the costs—is theirs. This students' course will be supplementary to the regular schedule offered by the school itself.

This effort has arisen out of a belief of students and faculty alike that if education is to be a living and creative force in

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the lives of men and women it must first become the common business and vital concern of both student and instructor. As they see it, education that truly educates must consist of more than an instructor presenting a given subject; it must consist of the untrammeled exchange, discussion and comparison of ideas and views relevant to the study between student and instructor and student and student. Only when education is made to be such a process can differences in view and opinion be brought out and their value ascertained. The conflicts between idea and idea or view and view that necessarily come as a result of this condition will constitute the stimulus to a constant revaluation of accepted concepts in the light of newly acquired facts and knowledge. Education thus conceived is, we believe, truly creative in means as well as in end.

The first step in giving this idea embodiment was, obviously, the formation of a student organization. This was accomplished several months ago and as a result, within six months of their organization the students have assumed the responsibility of arranging and underwriting the course to be given by Professor Morris Cohen beginning October 2.

What has just been said goes to show how great a part a student body conscious of its own function can do in the work of education. How far such a work will advance depends entirely on our ability to extend the membership of the school among such men and women as are alert to the advantages of the opportunity accorded by an educational effort of this type.

GUSTAV PECK,
Chairman of Students Cooperative Association.

New York City.

The British Policy in Kenya

SIR: In the New Republic of August 8, you most unfairly underrate the value of the memorandum of the British government with regard to their Kenya policy. "The real issue at stake," you say, "is the status of Indians as citizens of the empire and their right to equality of treatment wherever the British flag flies." This quite truly was an important aspect of the Kenya controversy but it was by no means the most important. For those who have followed the politics of the colony it is clear that the settler party in Kenya endeavored to make the Indian agitation a stalking horse for their own designs towards what they are pleased to call "responsible government;" that is to say, to make the administration of the affairs of the country independent of the control of the colonial office. Lord Delemare, the vociferous spokesman for the white planters, stated in a recent speech, "there is not a settler in Kenya who is not there on the understanding that Kenya is advancing along the lines of self-government . . . if the Indian claims are allowed, all this will go by the board."

It is evident that the Indian deputation with characteristic oriental astuteness saw the danger of such covert claims for they at once changed their front and published this statement:

> We think it safest and best in the present circumstances, that neither Indian nor European settlers should have control of native affairs and that the legislative power should be taken out of their hands and kept in the hands of the Imperial government till a time in the future when the African native is sufficiently advanced in intelligence and education to manage his own affairs and rule over his own country. This is our present judgment and we are prepared to abide by it.

In this fresh announcement of their position the Indians showed that they had grasped the fact that the real danger to a liberal and enlightened administration of the affairs of the colony lay in giving up its official majority in the legislative council of Nairobi.

The British government's memorandum therefore is far from being empty or hypocritical. "His Majesty's government cannot but regard the grant of responsible self-government as out of the question within any period of time which need now be taken into consideration." In that single unassuming quotation from the white paper (Cmd., 1922) the threatened safety of the African native is secured.

In Kenya colony it is the official of the Imperial government who alone stands between the natives and their relentless exploitation by the settlers.

Incidentally, I should like also to point out that the white population in Kenya colony instead of being 1,200, as you state, was at the last census of 1921 9,651 and is by now, probably, considerably above that figure.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

New York City.

From the Civil Liberties Union

SIR: On September 10 Ellis Searles, Publicity Director of the United Mine Workers of America, released a statement in which he charged that the American Civil Liberties Union "has not in a single instance come to the assistance of a man or woman who did not profess radical sentiments, or who was not allied with the communist, the anarchist, the revolutionist, or radical movement in America." The enclosed document which gives the reply of the officers of the Union may be of interest to your readers.

ROBERT W. DUNN.

New York City.

[Enclosure]

If it be true that the American Civil Liberties Union "has not in a single instance come to the assistance of a man or a woman not allied with the communist or radical movement" as Mr. Searles declares, then a large part of the United Mine Workers of America is apparently a part of the radical movement. In the last twelve months we have had occasion to render assistance and to work in close and intimate cooperation on issues affecting civil liberty with at least a dozen officers of the United Mine Workers of America from local secretaries to district presidents, as those, for instance, of District No. 17 of West Virginia. Among the officers of other districts of the United Mine Workers with whom we have cooperated we might mention John Brophy, president of District No. 2, D. L. Thomas, president of District No. 12, and William Feeney, an officer of District No. 5.

This is the first time that we have been informed that these officers of the United Mine Workers of America were connected with the communist or anarchist movement. If it is true we begin to comprehend the alarm of Mr. Searles. In fact, all we knew about the Mine Workers' officials, with whom we consulted repeatedly and with whose lawyers we have been in constant communication, was that their civil rights had been violated by coal operators' gunmen, coal and iron police, state constabularies, deputy sheriffs and other agents commonly used against union miners. Upon their expressed request and consultation we have frequently taken action to secure them either redress of their grievances in the courts or some appropriate test of their civil rights.

In addition to working with local and district officers of the United Mine Workers, the Civil Liberties Union has, upon occasions when civil liberties were at stake, come to the defence of such varied and assorted groups of citizens as—Negroes threatened with lynching, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the Ku Klux Klan when their enemies tried to bar them from New York City, the striking railroad workers mobbed in Arkansas, the framed-up workers, Sacco and Vanzetti, railroad shopmen all the way from Connecticut to California, organized steel workers in the great strike, Jacob Dolla of the Machinists' Union framed-up in Pennsylvania, committees attacking the oppressive anti-labor Lusk laws in New York, anti-lynching organizations in various states, religious speakers denied permits in New York, the anti-Fascisti alliance of North America, persons attacked under the ancient blue laws in certain states, groups including those from the A. F. of L. working for political amnesty, labor defence committees of all sorts and victims of mob violence, suppressive measures and official tyranny in every walk of life.

Would Be One of Ten

SIR: In spite of statements issued by Secretary Hoover, I think it is evident from the reports from Nansen and from the American Society of Friends that there is still great suffering and privation in Russia, especially among the children. Now I am feeling rather poor myself, having just built three new houses for my children and myself, besides buying one or two automobiles. Nevertheless, if nine others will do as much, I will give one thousand dollars to the American Relief for Russian women and children; in other words, instead of giving about one-twentieth of what I ought to give under these conditions, I will give about one-tenth of it.

H. GIFFORD.

Omaha, Nebraska.

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A Son at the Front

A Son at the Front, by Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

LIKE a soul belated comes Mrs. Wharton with her novel of the War. The only justification for such tardiness is to be found in a more elevated point of view and a broader understanding than were possible during the mêlée, a conscience cleansed by pity and fear, a spirit moved to sympathy and compassion by the memory of that great conflict. These attributes Mrs. Wharton does not bring to her task. She sees the War as she saw it at Paris, with myopic vision, keenly observant of its humor and tragedy in detail, artistically conscious of the contrast between the tarnished idyl of the Parisian scene and the nameless horrors of the front, patriotically possessed by the love of an adopted country, and snobbishly blind to every point of view but that of her class. Thus after five years she still writes of the German officer who fractures the skull of a little girl, and the French father who declares: "If I live long enough I shall run the swine down. If not I'll kill as many of his kind as God lets me." She is able to build her climax to the arrival of the American troops in Paris, with a confidence undisturbed by any suggestion of the aftermath. The peace of Versailles and the invasion of the Ruhr cast no shadows upon her bright spirit. Her horizon is that of the War.

Mrs. Wharton's story is the simple one of John Campton, the great American painter, whose only son, born in France, is subject to military service. The father, his divorced wife, and her banking husband all interest themselves to keep the boy out of danger, but he eludes their care and while ostensibly on staff work he is really with his regiment at the front. He is wounded, recovers, goes back, is wounded again and returns to die. The theme of the novel is American participation in the war, dramatized by the conversion of John Campton from a position of indifferent neutrality at the outset to a conviction that no "civilized man could afford to stand aside from such a conflict." Its substance is the goings and comings of Campton among all sorts of people, his humble French servants, his distinguished Parisian friends, his nondescript fellow countrymen, each of whom represents some attitude towards the War. This is the usual method of propagandist fiction. In Zola's Fecondité, for example, the hero is kept so constantly on the move by his propaganda of propagation that he seems to have no opportunity for his own work of fatherhood; and Romain Rolland's hero, Clérambault, who must be Mrs. Wharton's antichrist, suffers from the same sort of unreality. John Campton is more sufferable because he is being converted, not preaching a gospel of his own. Moreover, since the War had stopped his painting, he really had nothing to do but drift about and Mrs. Wharton shows much adroitness in giving plausibility to his relations. It is true, when we find him accompanying his divorced wife to a clairvoyante and discovering in that lady the Spanish girl—enlarged and remodeled but identical—on whose account he had suffered divorce twenty-five years before, we think of the art of Madame Humbert rather than of Mrs. Wharton.

Another way in which the propagandist in fiction weights the scales of his arguments is through his characters. The utterer of the protest: "That some senile old beast of a diplomatist should decree, after a good dinner, that all we love best must be offered up," is Madame Dolmetsch who intrigues to keep her lover safe at the war office, but in vain. Campton remembers "the fat middle aged philanderer with his Jewish eyes, his Slav eloquence, his Levantine gift for getting on and for getting out from under." There is an argument in the very name—Ladislas Isidor. Mrs. Wharton will meet with general approval for sending this caterpillar to his death at the front after he has played his part, by mere loathsome association, in persuading Campton that he was wrong in trying to make his son an embusqué. Again, the proponent of resistance to the herd instinct who repudiates "the idea of giving in now just because of all this deafening noise about America's danger and America's duties" is Mr. Talkett, whose husbandly honor is at the mercy of young George Campton. At times Mrs. Wharton takes this special pleading into her own hands as when she rhapsodizes: "Preparedness! . . . from a little group of discerning spirits the contagion had spread like a prairie fire, sweeping away all the other catchwords of the hour, devouring them in one great blaze of wrath and enthusiasm." Or when she gloats: "Now indeed America was 'in it;' the gross tangible proof for which her government had forced her to wait was there in all its unimagined horror." Or when she mourns: "Before many days it became apparent that the proud nation which had flamed up over night at the unproved outrage of the Maine was lying supine under the flagrant provocation of the Lusitania." If Mrs. Wharton had written in the flaming emotion of the time, this would be natural enough, but five years after we expect a more mature reaction, some admission that the discernment of the little group of discerning spirits had its limits, or that we need not be so proud of remembering the Maine either.

But Mrs. Wharton is not writing in the flaming emotion of the time, and that emotion is beyond her power to recall or perhaps to represent. She has described the manners of Paris at war. She has satirized the busy philanthropists of her own American upper class, who so early appropriated the conflict, but these types are presented in a mechanical fashion. Henry Mayhew, Delegate to the Peace Conference at the Hague, who is caught in the jam at the outbreak and imprisoned for eight days by the Germans, is the best. There is a smile even on Mrs. Wharton's serried countenance when Mr. Mayhew plans to sell the war to his countrymen—"to rouse public opinion in America against a nation of savages who ought to be hunted off the face of the globe like vermin—like the vermin in their own prison cells." But even this backstairs picture of war is not so brilliant as Miss Delafield's War Workers, or Mr. George's Blind Alley.

Beyond this Mrs. Wharton has isolated a human situation, and presented it with an oily sauce of fiction, but she has not penetrated it. And unfortunately the spurious quality of Mrs. Wharton's art does violence to her theme. It suggests that America's entrance into the war had something meretricious about it. Mrs. Wharton's own sincerity is beyond question. Her book is a tribute from America to France. It is a memorial of American boys who died at the front for France. But with all its richness of intention it somehow suggests the automobile excursions of American Red Cross girls in Paris to visit the graves.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Revision of Wages Theory

The Control of Wages, by Walton Hamilton and Stacy May. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

THROUGHOUT the history of economic science the theory of wages has been tinged with a dreary fatalism. The French economists of the eighteeenth century had a simple formula for the laborer's income, "Il ne gagne que sa vie." Malthus, with his theory of population, thought he had banned forever all humanitarian dreams of a universally comfortable working class. While the successors of Malthus admitted a transitory margin between wages and subsistence, yet the aggregate earnings of labor were fixed by the "wages fund." If one class of workers got more, another had to get less. John Stuart Mill tried to see hope for the future of the wage earners in the control of population, and the later economists of the Austrian and American schools have dwelt fondly on advancing technique, on the one hand, and population control on the other, as affording a possibility of permanently raising the "utility" or "specific productivity" of labor on which competitive wages are assumed to rest. Throughout, it has been agreed that wages are regulated by unconscious economic forces. Public intervention and labor organizations have been treated as disturbing factors of no great importance, in the long run.

In recent years there has been a powerful reaction among the younger economists against this type of wages theory. In view of the unlimited capacity for production inherent in modern technique there appears to be no sound reason why every working family should not be able to command all the essentials of a decent living. The younger economists do not believe, as the older ones did, that the force of competition will place in the hands of the laborers as much of the social dividend as is compatible with the other requirements of a progressive economic state. Therefore they look for a solution in control. Some force, economic or political, must make itself responsible for assuring to labor the requisites of the good life. In England, with the persistent advance of labor toward the capture of the state, a definite agency of control is in sight. That, however, is not true of America.

And this will explain the peculiar character of this book on wages. It addresses itself to the problem of control, but the agency of control is left indefinite. The objective of control is also left undefined. It was just these two points of indefiniteness that gave classical economics its fatalistic character. "Control" without reference to agency amounts to the same thing as "law;" without reference to end it amounts to an arbitrary fatalistic law. Hamilton and May regard themselves as drastic critics of the classical system. So Adam Smith was a drastic critic of the French Economistes, Ricardo of Adam Smith, Mill of Ricardo, the Austrians of Mill. These antagonisms were of the parent and child type. Everyone now recognizes the direct filiation of ideas. Hamilton and May will doubtless in time come to be regarded as the topmost branch of the classical theory of wages.

The theory has been worked out with greater nicety than in any other work on economics. With a detail that is illuminating all through, the authors investigate the possible sources of increased wages. Something may be taken away from the consumer, but not much, since most consumers are workers. Something may be taken away from the recipients of profits, interest, rent, but not much. The real hope lies in technical progress. There is waste and incompetence throughout the economic system. Most of it is to be credited to the management. Let organized labor cut out waste on the side of labor and insist on the elimination of waste on the employer's side. And let it fight in for its share of the resultant economies. This is the gist of the Hamilton and May theory of control.

Like the earlier classical economists, Hamilton and May are addicted to qualitative analysis, and disinclined to dabble in quantitative estimates. To raise wages at the expense of profits is to reduce the force of business incentives. And that, in the long run, would restrict employment. So the classical economists argued. Hamilton and May argue the same thing in the same terms. There is no attempt to determine how great the volume of profits; how much of a reduction in them would produce a given increase in wages; whether the resultant improvement in the spirit of labor would be a fair offset, in productive efficiency, for the slackening in the profit-taker's activity. It is a remarkable thing, by the way, that in spite of their leaning toward labor the authors of this book pay only the slightest respect to the "economy of high wages." If they had given this idea the attention it seems to deserve, they would have been compelled to modify many of their conclusions as to the impracticability of raising wages except through technical progress.

The book is written primarily for working-class readers. It is worth everybody's reading, if for nothing else, for the demonstration it gives unconsciously that classical economics is, after all, a pretty fair interpretation of an individualistic economic system. Any other economics will have to assume a different order as the basis of its reasonings. Hamilton and May make no such assumption and therefore in spite of themselves remain true to the old order of thought.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

England after War

England after War, by C. F. G. Masterman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.00.

I WONDER often why a few Americans of the younger generation do not set out upon the discovery of England. It is a land almost unknown to the American people, although adored by a certain number of them; most especially unknown, I think, to members of the English-speaking Union and kindred bodies whose members (like Wordsworth as seen by Matthew Arnold) avert their eyes from human fate. For several hundreds of years, until the late war, England attracted explorers from the European continent, some of them, such as Voltaire and Taine, being among the foremost men of their age. They do not come nowadays: and as for Americans, although they are endlessly interested in us, and occasionally, as in the case of Ambassador Page, find first rate literary copy in us, not one of them that I can think of has, in the present century, thought it worth while to come over and examine our people, apart from our institutions, or to attempt an estimate of what we are pleased to call our civilization. Our friend, Walter Page, for instance:

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was there a single thing that he knew about England, outside the curiously narrow social range that is permitted to the ambassador of a great power? England during the war did, it is true, provide several American journalists with material for topical books. But that England was of the moment only: contemporary England is almost a virgin theme. And therefore the American reader who wants to know something of the country as it has been left by the recent troubles, must rely upon Mr. Masterman, who, to be sure, knows certain aspects of his own country as thoroughly as they can be known, and, moreover, is master of an exceedingly vigorous descriptive style. Here then, in a swiftly-moving panorama, we have it: the passing of the old order; the advent of a new ruling class which will probably turn out to be different from, and rather more philistine than the plutocracy of yesterday; the immense middle class, amazingly untouched by the adventurous modern mind and those material developments of social life which have been mastered by the people of northern Europe as well as of North America; and finally, the host of the laboring class, once again crushed down to the levels of destitution and hopelessness from which, as by a miracle, they had been partially liberated by the war.

Mr. Masterman is driven by an angry disillusionment which appears to have deprived him of hope for the English race, but which certainly has served to sharpen his vision and give a diamond point to his pen. His England is the land as viewed by a liberal of fifty, who has had a hand in government but has seen the faith with which he entered public life destroyed, and the structure of reform which he had helped to raise swept into the void by the madness of governments and their victims. Not an inspiring theme for an English progressive to discuss, and even less so for another to review. But it makes a knowledgeable and provocative book, which Americans may read with interest and a little profit. But how different from the picture which an American, writing with the knowledge of his own country during the past five years, would make of England! He, I imagine, might see signs of an encouraging new England on many sides: in the young people of the smaller cities; in the Labor party and the trade unions; in the students of the London School of Economics and of the northern universities; in the Workers' Educational Association and the audiences at the Old Vic theatre; most of all, perhaps, in certain less defined but widely distributed agencies of that unadvertised England which awaits the keen-eyed adventurer from Wisconsin or Nebraska. He, or she, I submit, is very much overdue.

F. K.

A Mexican Picaro

The House of the Fighting Cocks, by Henry Baerlein. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.00.

I WONDER what became of Don Eugenio. The author doesn't know, and I suppose we shall never find out. But it was grief to lose him. To whom, in all the wilderness of the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico, did he go on discoursing his gay philosophy? Fortunately, much of his erudite and gallant conversation is saved for us by the singular good luck of Mr. Baerlein, who discovered the manuscript of this book "in very good condition" in a house in Jalapa in 1911. The work had been completed by Juan, a little Indian boy, in 1880. (One could almost believe that: the story is like no modern novel I have read.)

Was ever character more fantastically conceived than this Don Eugenio, smuggler, priest, once librarian-in-chief to the Bishop of Zaragoza and at the opening of the tale a learned, penniless vagrant in tropical Mexico? His only wealth is his power of mellow and fascinating talk. By talk alone he gains friends, lodging, books, love and amnesty. A few sentences, and a fierce lieutenant, met on the road, offers Don Eugenio his sweetheart!

Juan becomes the devoted comrade and pupil of the Señor Ex-Librarian, who arrived at the house of his father—the most eminent breeder of Fighting Cocks in Colorado, state of Vera Cruz—in immediate need of supper. The Señor Ex-Librarian is on his way to find the Noahcite, who dwells further north at Jalapa and who, Don Eugenio has heard, takes all knowledge for his province with the aim of knowing, finally, everything known to Noah: a man after the true scholar's heart. And Juan goes along with him in order to learn Latin, since he is already the best educated person in Colorado, being able to read. Little progress is made with the Latin, despite the amazing resources of the Noahcite's library. Love, war and bandits intervene.

Yet the events of the story were briefly told. It was what Don Eugenio said that made the Indian boy strive to be his worthy biographer. When the Noahcite was dead and the wandering priest had gone mad and vanished, then Juanito took up a most unrealistically potent pen and set down the satirical, pitying and profound comments of his hero upon the human heart and mind. That is all there is in this novel—Juan tells us what Don Eugenio, chiefly in his conversations with the Noahcite, said. It is enough.

Where can Mr. Baerlein have found the prototype for his picaresque bibliophile? "Quién sabe?" Juan would ask, with a shrug. But at once erudite and wayward, susceptible and searching, aesthete and mendicant, wistful and humorist, he convincingly lives. His Boswell is less credible: it is demanding much of Juanito's aboriginal brain to report verbatim the bookish discourse of the priest and Noahcite, the more practical remarks of the abducting lieutenant and the love-chatter of the Indian girl, María. Nevertheless, one feels most grateful to him for doing so, and, after all, the strangeness of this fiction is less than the brilliance of Don Eugenio's truths.

The time of The House of the Fighting Cocks is that of Maximilian, the place, the states of Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas. Upon the book's cover you may see assembled all of the bizarre chief characters except the Noahcite. There are Eugenio Gil, María the fickle, Juan in his sarape, the gorgeously impossible author of the volume. As for the missing Noahcite, "it was his firm intention to bestow the gift of happiness upon everybody, after he had made himself the perfect master of it. You will learn with deep regret that he was executed for conspiracy."

These four dwelt together for a season at the house of the doomed alchemist. If you would comprehend the depths of your suspected ignorance, hear Don Eugenio commenting in ecstasy upon the books of the mad scholar's library:

> Hombre! You have talked of happiness. And here you have a very good edition of the Jesuit Acosta's Natural and Moral History of the Indies, both East and West. How I shall enjoy to read again what

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the glorious Chrysostom and Theodoritus, a grave writer, and Theophilactus had to say about the sky! The Ship of Fools—the edges are scraped to clean them, and the woodcuts are English copies of the Dutch!

And of course you have Orosius—who can be surprised that King Alfred of England translated him? This copy has illustrations by the worthy Sigebertus Havercampus!

There is much like this, and if it be in some sort subduing, when the erudition appals, the humor lightens. For Don Eugenio has a wicked wit. His profound irony spares no helpful platitude. In the last part of the book, however, his elucidations are too long, the speeches too glaringly beyond belief for a novel by Juanito, even for a novel sui generis, as is this one. Yet the spell cast by Don Eugenio over every person of the story falls upon the reader. Let him talk on, in the face of death, starvation and exile! His indomitable suavity ennobles life.

MARIAN STORM.

Geography a la Francaise

La Terre et l'Evolution humaine, by Lucien Febvre. Bibliothèque de Synthèse historique. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre. 15 francs.

THOSE who are on the alert to discover early indications of post-war movements of thought in France should turn their eyes toward the Library of Historic Synthesis in which the editor, Henri Berr, has announced a series of twenty-six volumes on The Evolution of Humanity. Four of the books have appeared, the latest being a geographical introduction to history, The Earth and Human Evolution, by Lucien Febvre, professor in the University of Strasbourg. A considerable part of the work had already been written before the great war. After five years delay it has at last appeared with an introduction by Henri Berr, director of La Revue de Synthèse historique.

Environment or Race? Which of these two factors has the greater effect upon human evolution? This volume of Febvre's and another soon to follow by Eugène Pittard, Les Races et l'Histoire, an ethnological introduction to history, are designed to deal with the double problem of man and his natural environment.

Febvre's volume is largely polemical, too largely for the taste of the general reader who is more desirous of getting new information than of following scholastic controversies. But a battle of books is always interesting to watch, especially when a Frenchman is doing the fighting.

Febvre throws a merciless X-ray of criticism upon vague ideas, so-called "laws," the unproved "facts" of tradition and hasty generalizations. Preparatory to "generalization" he insists upon "particularization." The true work of synthesis consists in analysis carried on with a view to construction. It is a directed effort, and not a premature conclusion.

Febvre does not deny the direct physical and psychological influence of environment upon man, but he avoids foregone conclusions. He limits his work with precision to the relations existing between the Earth and Life, the connection between natural surroundings and the activities of the occupants.

His main antagonist is, as we should expect, a German, Friedrich Ratzel, the founder of the science with the awful name, Anthropogeography, whose ideas were imported into America by Miss Ellen Semple in her Influences of Geographic Environment, and have spread through our schools.

Febvre brings forward the Possibilism of the French historian, Vidal de la Blache, to confront the Determinism, or as he would prefer to call it the Necessitism of the German naturalist, Ratzel. Determinism must be distinguished from necessity. Determinism is a natural causality. Among causes which in nature determine phenomena there are contingents. Among these contingent causes some belong to geography. The problem is to discover whether there is any geographic necessity; if natural factors are able to act as necessary causes upon a "purely receptive" humanity.

The author thinks not, and agrees with Vidal de la Blache, that "there is not weighing upon historic individualities a rigid and uniform influence of four or five great Geographic Fatalities." According to Febvre, the true, the only geographic problem is that of the utilization of possibilities. Necessity nowhere: possibility everywhere. Natural resources are the material for rather than the cause of human development. "The 'essential cause' is less Nature with her resources or her obstacles, than Man himself and his own nature."

When one searches for a uniform type of the inhabitants of mountain, plateau, plain, valley, even in the most simple and elementary unity of island or oasis, he finds diversity and variety. Isolation, like distance, is relative.

Navigation even is not dependent upon the coasts, but upon the expert ability of engineers. Look at Zeebrugge, for example, Zeebrugge is preeminently the work of man against the forces of nature. Long ago Michelet said of Flanders: "It is formed, one may say, in spite of nature; it is a creation of the work of man."

> Today, as always, Man, his works, the material traces which his efforts leave upon the surface of the earth, form an integral part of the geography of the globe. But more and more he plays the role of cause and not of effect. (p. 434.)

Man escapes from his personal environment by his natural power, the power of *ideas*. The idea that men form of their environment, the idea that pushes them on to transform their surroundings, plays a part, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated.

Self-interest is the basis of man's conscious initiative, and with this initiative he is so well armed that he can face natural obstacles without fear, with a certitude of success. So, no longer the patient victim of geography, the civilized man of today comes to the front as manager and dominator. (p. 434.)

Febvre declares that geography has only to deal with systems, forces and assemblages; vegetable, animal and human. "Man" is too vague, theoretic, abstract; "Humanity" is too vast; the "State" is but one aspect of society. The relations between earth and man can only be understood in forms of "collective life," and by the reaction of collectivities upon environment. With Edward Meyer, Febvre discards the theory that the "Family" is the primitive cell out of which the state developed by successive additions. He prefers to speak of "human groups" working together for sustenance and defense. He devotes much space to showing how society has from the beginning interposed customs, superstitions and rules between the individual and nature.

As a proof that not even the agricultural products of

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a country are determined by its climate and soil he cites many cases such as the following: (page 432.)

> Note the successive changes in Ceylon during the past thirty years; Ceylon, the traditional, century-old isle of cinnamon and cardamon, the great spice country. But spice culture ceasing to be remunerative, Ceylon became the coffee island. Coffee production being undertaken in Brazil, and reaching formidable proportions, Ceylon abandoned coffee for tea. Attempts in acclimatization of the Hevea of Brazil having given excellent results, and rubber paying better than tea, Ceylon has become the rubber island to such a degree that the culture of the Hevea has had to be almost entirely abandoned in the exact region from which it was taken to Ceylon, in South America, where the forests of Peru now scarcely produce any of it—just as they cease supplying the world with quinine since quinine has captured Java. And the end is not yet. Tomorrow Ceylon will perhaps be the cotton producing island. And after that, what?

It is an old controversy, this of which is the greater, man or nature. Febvre calls Hippocrates the patriarch of the problem. But it seems that there is enough life in it yet to arouse passions and—what is more important—to stimulate study.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

Figaro

Figaro: The Life of Beaumarchais, by John Rivers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.00.

NOW and then there flashes across a nation's firmament a shooting star. Starting from nowhere, paling at its meridian the fixed stars about it, it plunges into nothingness—only for a time scattered fragments sprinkle the earth. Such a star was Beaumarchais, and this book is one of those fragments that are all that remain of his glory.

Starting from less than nothing—for he was a journeyman watchmaker in the eighteenth century in France—he became the most talked-of man of his day. He swayed ministers and kings, wrote theatrical masterpieces, precipitated the French Revolution, and made successful the American one: and then, losing his fortune and his credit in the Reign of Terror, died in comparative obscurity. He loved women, even enough to marry three of them, and he loved money, and he was not too particular about how he got either. He was a good fighter, but a poor hater. He killed a man in a duel, and regretted it the rest of his life. His worst enemies were those who knew him least, and he never lost a friend. Witty, courageous, indomitable, he would have been as out of place in any other country as Bryan in a bar-room.

Rivers makes his life as much like a romance as it is, and that is high praise. For no one's life fulfills the phantasy life which parallels it. In life there are no d'Artagnans, only a Douglas Fairbanks. It is useless to look for Jean Valjean in Sing-Sing or Rudolph Rassendyl in the Balkan States. We turn to fiction instead, and instinctively to French fiction.

Rivers has turned to history. Feeling that the former biographers of Beaumarchais were a little too intoxicated with his glamor to portray him clearly, he set out to study all the data available, and he has told, as he saw it, the truth. But even so Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais makes a brave showing. Some of his gestures were magnificent. Not long after he had come to favor at court, a young noble tried to insult him by requesting him publicly to examine his watch and see what was wrong with it. Beaumarchais coolly replied that he had become awkward since he ceased to practice the art. The noble continued to insist:

"Very well; but I really must warn you that I am awkward." Then, taking the watch, he opened and held it on a level with his eyes, pretending to examine the works, and let it fall to the ground.

"I warned you, sir, of my extreme awkwardness," and, with a low bow, he coolly turned on his heel.

What a gesture! With such a gift, it is small wonder that the ex-watchmaker made his way.

This book is biography made readable. Beaumarchais swaggers across the canvas in all the colors of life. If he is a bit incredible, it is his own fault, for he never had recourse to protective colorization; rather did he invite attention to himself and snap his fingers in the faces of his enemies.

JOHN E. LIND.

What Merton Didn't Find

That Marvel—The Movie, by Edward S. Van Zile. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

MR. VAN ZILE is certain that the movie is due for bigger and better things. A shoddy drama of life among the wealthy may set the pace today. There is a future "unimaginably glorious." The movie, Mr. Van Zile believes, is "the most important contribution to the spiritual resources of the race that has been made for centuries."

Strong praise. Mr. Van Zile admits that month after month, year after year, the type of mind that revels in timid pornography dominates too large a portion of the screen. "A Soul for Sale." "The Married Virgin." But the tendency is upward. For one thing, more and more of the great masterpieces of literature are being filmed. (Who remembers Tennyson's Maud, appearing on the screen as Naked Hearts?) And if the movies do not get better as the days go by, at any rate they ought to. To the Philistine in Hollywood Mr. Van Zile suggests a "sacred duty." Remember, too, that Captain Will H. Hays is on the job, wielding, through some fifty allied associations, "the influence begotten of a combined membership of 60,000,000 people." There are cynics who suspect that the Hays adventure is a whitewash. Mr. Van Zile would disagree. When Will Hays brought the Colonial Dames and the A. F. of L. and the rest of them together—"lo, there came about an alliance that, to those who grasped its full significance, stood revealed as one of the greatest forward steps civilization has ever taken."

A man who can use superlatives like these has every reason to be cheery when he looks ahead a little. The movie, Mr. Van Zile thinks, is actually the one apparent medium through which civilization itself may be salvaged. Age after age the human race commits its ancient blunders. Historians cannot head us off. Books reach only a fraction of the population. But now, with the Silver Screen, "it has been made possible at last for history to reveal its

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secrets, and vouchsafe its warnings, not to the comparatively few who read scholarly books but to the millions who, as democracy conquers the earth, have become masters of the destinies of nations."

Why not, then, "a world university, a fountain of all acquired knowledge for the race at large"—a Peace Court of Hollywood? Somewhere in the United States it should be built. "A lighthouse of the past, a university of universities . . . a Mecca for the pilgrims of progress from all corners of the earth." Blunders on one film. Triumphs on the other. "There shall radiate, if our dream comes true, from this great centre where all knowledge is visualized a light that shall grow ever brighter, as the generations come and go, routing the errors of ignorance and racial prejudice and making possible that for which the great-hearted of the race have so long striven in vain, namely, the brotherhood of man."

Call it a dream, our author says. "For having dreamed it, I know I am a better man." But Mr. Van Zile awoke too early in his slumber. What counts is less the medium of speech than the use men make of it. The modern press is something like the movies. It too can speak to millions. But there are times when the very power of the modern press enables it more easily to recruit racial bigotry, fan prejudice, increase the striking power of the mob. So might it be with movies.

Still, no one has reason to complain because one author votes for optimism. "Here may you visualize the epic tale of Man's rise from protoplasm to power, from an amoeba to the ruler of the earth."—Amoeba: Douglas Fairbanks. Protoplasm: Gloria Swanson. A First National Production. Two Billion Dollar Cast.

This is the book that young Merton was looking for, when he fell into the hands of the Mack Sennetts.

CHARLES MERZ.

Contributors

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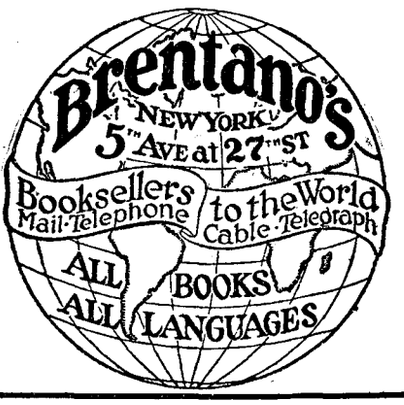

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